

THE CRITIC

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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

No. 225. VOL. IX.

[AUGUST 15, 1850.]
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LEADER:— The Education of Will	391
PHILOSOPHY— Maurice's Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy	392
HISTORY— Bradford's Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V.	392
BIOGRAPHY— The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe Southey's Life and Correspondence	395 397
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS— Aubrey de Vere's Sketches of Greece and Turkey	309
FICTION— Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia	400
Middleton's Marmaduke Lorrimer	401
Mrs. Trollope's Petticoat Government	402
POETRY AND THE DRAMA— Wordsworth's Prelude; or Growth of a Poet's Mind. Browne's Fun, Poetry, and Pathos, &c.	402 404
RELIGION:— Christmas's Echoes of the Universe	404
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS— Pleasant Pages: a Journal of Home Education	405
Foster's Illustrated Book of Songs for Children	405
MISCELLANEOUS— Howitt's Year-Book for the Country	405
Legends of Torquay	407
PERIODICALS AND SERIALS	407
IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL:— Mackey's Depopulation Illegal and a Crime	407
Oldham's Address to the Dublin Geological Society ..	407
Cheyne's Justice for Ireland	407
MUSIC:— New Music	408
Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat	408
ART:— The Art Journal	408
The Water-Colour Galleries	408
Talk of the Studios	409
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	409
NECROLOGY— Kirby, the Entomologist	409
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE— Gossip of the Literary World	409
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS:— Carzonet. By Calder Campbell	410
SCRAPS FROM NEW BOOKS	410
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS	411
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	411
ADVERTISEMENTS	389, 390, 411, 412

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WE have a gratifying announcement to make to our friends. THE CRITIC has been adopted by the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, as the organ for making known to the public the peculiar objects, plans and uses, as well as the proceedings of their Institution,—in many respects new and important. For this purpose a copy of THE CRITIC will henceforth be regularly sent, free of charge, to every Public Reading-room in the United Kingdom.

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THE CRITIC.

THE EDUCATION OF WILL.

It is an unavoidable accompaniment of the progress of mankind, that every new instrument of civilization overeducates some human faculty which its predecessor had neglected, and neglects some other which its predecessor had overeducated. Overeducation is the invariable reaction against overeducation by one of the most noted laws of the human constitution. Nor must we regard this succession of overeducations as an evil. Any human faculty by becoming for a series of ages, the dominant faculty, produces both more unity and more variety, while ultimately it tends to promote that very harmony of social existence which it seems to prevent. The perfection toward which Man the Aggregate, and Man the Individual, alike march is a perfection resulting from the complete unfolding of the powers which Nature hath bestowed. But in the Aggregate as in the Individual Man, the unfolding of all the powers together must follow the unfolding of each. There is always a unity in the most chaotic mind, as in the most chaotic society. And that unity arises from the prevalence of some particular power. In youth, for instance, what anarchy appears! Yet is there no real anarchy. For imagination or some other faculty holds dominion; and when it yields the throne, it yields it not to many faculties but to a single faculty. Thus does unity succeed unity, preparing that final unity when all the faculties shall be one. If in any particular state of society, or in any particular phase of personal experience, it were possible to substitute for one of these preparatory unities the equal despotism of two or more faculties, not merely would final unity be unrealizable, but that diversity of aspects which social and individual development assumes, and which is so stimulating and suggestive would cease. The general notion respecting variety is, that it springs from confusion: whereas in complete confusion there is no variety: for variety arises from contrast: and where there is not an ideal or actual unity, affording a central point of comparison contrast cannot take place. The reaction against the overeducation of any faculty, produces in individuals those sudden changes called Conversions, and in Society those sudden changes called Revolutions. Both in Conversions and in Revolutions, the proximate cause is always an exterior one, and by the superficial observer the proximate cause alone is regarded. Hence the mistakes concerning both. Disgust is the usual exterior cause of Conversion and financial difficulty is the usual exterior cause of Revolution; but in the one case, and in the other, the exterior cause would have remained without result, if there had not been the long and growing exaggeration of some principle intrinsically excellent, against which human nature rebels, by plunging into the exaggeration of some other principle. It is often said that Conversions are worthless to the Individual, and Revolutions worthless to Society, because the Individual and Society always revert to some of their previous habits. But this does not prove what it is employed to prove. The Individual exaggerates as well in the overeducation of a faculty as in the reaction against it: but he is not himself an exaggeration. Society exaggerates in the extravagant development of a principle, and in the mad retaliation on its own extravagance; but Society itself is not an exaggeration. Conversions and Revolutions accomplish all that they are intended to accomplish. But it is absurd to expect them to alter human nature: that must remain through all the improvements of futurity essentially what it is. They solely evolve, and can solely evolve what Human Nature has of evolvable in its aspirations for communion with, and embodiment of, the Divine. The return which persons make, or which Society makes over ground rapidly traversed after some tremendous change, is not a mere retrogression to the starting-point as sophists and bigots declare. This is left behind for ever. There is invariably a movement backward after a mighty movement forward, but not to the spot that has been just abandoned, but to the point which previous causes and existing circumstances alone permit to be stably occupied. Humanity always proceeds at the same uniform speed, and the pressure of a monotonous despotism is only an apparent retardment, and the occasional outburst of patriotic excitement and philanthropic enthusiasm is only an apparent impetus. The unity at which Humanity aims can never be attained by an irregularity in its march. What patience, what consolation, what wisdom, ought not the heart that loveth much its brethren, and hopeth much for its brethren, to draw from this conviction.

The overeducation of some particular human faculty at some particular period, of which we have spoken as one of the characteristics of civilization, displayed itself in the Ancient World, anterior to CHRIST by an excessive culture of the Will. The God of Antiquity, however fragmented to maintain delusion and glorify Art, was Will. The Romans made Valour equivalent to Virtue, than which we cannot have a stronger proof, that Will was the Divinity, which all in one mode or another adored. Force of character was elevated above every other excellence. To be determined, inflexible, energetic, this was glory, power, fortune,—all. Hence ceaseless war: because the choicest occupation of Will,—when Will stands in colossal isolation as the dominant faculty is to oppose and subdue a hostile Will. Hence cruel amusements: because, when Will is not contending with Will it delights to see strength grappling with strength: the battles of the Circus were a hit appendage to the battles of nations. The reaction against Pagan Will was Christian Conscience. Will, for centuries of blood and slavery had been proclaiming itself the only Manhood, the only Might,—when a voice from NAZARETH arose as a hymn to duty. From that moment, Will was no longer the sole Deity of earth. It built at once its throne and its tomb in the grandeur of the Roman empire. That Conscience which had been trampled on and forgotten, started with one single bound into the vacant throne. It was a much needed ruler of the hearts and minds of men. But as Will attained its utmost exaggeration, and its consequent fall in the Roman empire, so Conscience has attained its utmost exaggeration, and is approaching its necessary fall in the Christian Church. It has arrived at that point where Reaction becomes inevitable. What strange shapes has the overeducation of Christian Conscience taken! Celibacy, the fear of Hell, Monkish Seclusion, Fasts, Sabbatical Observances, Crusades, Penances; every mode of bodily torture, and of mental anguish, lavished as an offering on the Juggernaut within. The reaction against the insanities of Christian Conscience will, probably make mere Understanding the next dominant faculty in the succession of dominant faculties. Sense, Imagination, Will, Conscience, such has so far been the order of domination. There are many signs and symptoms social, and other to prove that Understanding will be the successor of Conscience. All systems of philosophy propounded of late years by thinkers, for thinkers, take the sublimest, most spiritual views of Human Nature. But the popular systems of philosophy which are so rapidly appearing, neither illustrate the whole of Man's nature nor the highest portion of it, and are addressed exclusively to the understanding. As the understanding is a destructive more than a constructive faculty, the world will have, all the time that it remains the dominant faculty, not one grand system destined to wide diffusion, but an endless multitude of small pragmatical systems struggling for preeminence, and annihilating each other. After the strife and tumult of petty systems have subsided, and Understanding hath proved its utter barrenness,—a new reaction will give the social guidance of the world to some positive and creative faculty. And then will Christianity dawn after a temporary eclipse, with fresh lustre and strength, and many will see it to be,—what the Wise have always from the beginning regarded it, not as the sectarian educator of Conscience, but the catholic religion of a catholic, and the progressive religion of a progressive Humanity. To be the pioneers of that time, as well as the heroes of their own, those must be morally dowered the best who most strenuously and persistently educate their Will.

For the education of the Will, many of the most salutary teachings and suggestions must come from that period of history when Will was omnipotent. And to some of these we would direct the attention of our readers. With the abuses of Will in the past we are concerned as philosophical appreciators of the Past: but we are concerned only with its uses in the Past, when we aspire to the complete organization and development of the Spiritual and the Individual in our character. Leaving behind then, whatever we have to lament in Ancient Civilization when under the unlimited control of Will, let us come to what was unquestionably excellent, and what, if sagely applied, can much instruct and assist us in our efforts to be consistently and increasingly resolute and energetic. Glance first of all at the physical education of the Ancients when guided by Will, with the physical education of the Moderns when guided by Conscience. Who will not confess the immense superiority of the former? The strength of the Greek and of the Roman resided no less in the long discipline of muscular power than in the dauntless daring of the soul. Rare in Greece and in Rome was that lamentable contradiction now so common,—a vigorous mind in a weak body.

Gymnastic Art was as carefully studied as Oratorical or any other Art. Every fibre was so thoroughly, so continuously, so skillfully exercised, that it seemed like the according tone of a visible music. No nervous irritability, none of the multifarious shapes of modern hypochondria could visit those hardy frames, which from tenderest years had been cultured to despise the rough aspects, the annoyances, the pains of the Outward. A purpose could not fail to be determined and prompt when there was the surest reliance on the physical instrument by which it was to be accomplished. The Will to do,—the thing to be done,—the power to do it,—were one simultaneous flash of action. That quickness of eye and rapidity of movement which now belong almost exclusively to military men, were in those days national qualities. A Student, wholly Student, was a curiosity which had not then appeared. The greatest thinkers, the greatest writers had been connected with public and practical enterprise before devoting themselves to their philosophical or literary mission. ÆSCHYLUS, SOCRATES, THUCYDIDES had all been soldiers. How often in reading the Classical Authors, or contemplating the frame of social existence which they depict, we long with a momentary enthusiasm to realise the wholeness and harmony of Personality which it necessitated! Degenerate we,—with our sickly caprices and sentimental feebleness,—rising by imagination to the boldness of Martyrdom, yet trembling at every shadow of peril. Why are we Heroes in speech, cowards in fact? Not because we are hypocrites: not because we are false: not because we are vain: but because while we have been nourishing our minds with the loftiest ideas our physical education has been so entirely neglected that we are but the wretched skeletons of what we should be, and are incapable of assisting with our paralysed and exhausted limbs the gigantic projects which in silence and solitude we indulge. Here then must the Education of Will commence. If the body is debilitated the soul must participate of the debility. Let us do as the Ancients did,—adopt physical education as the indispensable basis of potency and unity in moral and intellectual endeavour. It is possible, indeed, that the absurd and cruel system pursued in this, and in most other European countries, of sacrificing health to mental display and superstitious scruples, may have irretrievably prostrated us, as it has prostrated millions. But we should all labour to show to those over whom our influence extends, that only a Being unfolded in its entirety can be happy and useful, and that there is equal guilt, equal deformity in the eye of Heaven, in dwarfing and palsying the faculties of sense, to satisfy the morbid impatience of Mind, as in crushing the faculties of Mind to gorge the monstrous and bestial appetites of sense.

Inferior to the Ancients in physical education we are also inferior to them in the simplicity and definiteness of the objects which Instruction in the most comprehensive signification of the term embraces. And hence, a further inferiority in the materials for the creation of energetic Will. The Ancients, fortunately for themselves, had not made that notable discovery of Modern Times, called Cramping. They were content to know a few grand central facts, and to know these well. And those facts stood out before them with the same accuracy of outline, as the statues, miraculous in their beauty, before which they bent the Knee. They sought no knowledge merely for the vague luxury of knowing: they were men of action, and they never pursued thoughts that could not, with one effort of Will, be moulded into deeds. Will always renders Knowledge more clear and precise, and Knowledge always renders Will more direct and vigorous when Knowledge is not madly hunted as an intellectual stimulant, but calmly selected as an intellectual food. But Will and Knowledge become the fiercest opponents of each other, when Knowledge is frittered down into a feverish curiosity. The most cognate qualities are always the first to rush into a furious and destructive enmity as soon as the asymmetry of the Individual is destroyed by the unstrained indulgence of any particular tendency. We derive from this consideration a lesson, not alone for the point immediately before us, but for the whole reciprocities of our constitution. Our powers of every kind are unfitted to rest in indifference. Where they are not aiding, they must be combating each other. And the same element which draws the bonds of union so close as long as the union of faculties exists, bestows when the union is dissolved, its deadliest impetuosity on the hostile crash.

The Ancients were also far less conventional than the Moderns. And an unquestioning obedience to conventionalism, and a suitable education of Will, are utterly incompatible. Conventionalism includes all those social laws which the aristocratic caste of a country establishes to prevent the intrusion within its fastidious

precincts of the hated Democracy—and it is often a firmer support of Aristocratic parties, than the most Machiavellian of their political arrangements. Now there can be no doubt that a barrier of manners separated the Ancient Aristocracies from the Ancient Democracies, as well as a political barrier; but that it had the force and extent of existing Conventionalism, all accessible evidence goes to disprove. The complicated web of conventional manners entangles us at every step, and we often appear, and are called, barbarians, if we boldly tear the mesh, and allow not our Will to be entangled thereby. The frequent charm of the Conventional—its frequent grace—and the influence which an intimate acquaintance with it bestows, renders it a formidable, often an irresistible, temptation when the Will is teaching itself the difficult art of self-denial, and has not yet grown into a fixed and invincible power.

More complicated in its Conventionalism, Modern Life is much more complicated in its laws than Antiquity, and this additional complication is an additional trammel to the Will. Where the laws of a country are cumbrous and voluminous, we can have no better proof that they are bad. The brevity and simplicity of Ancient Law, were results of the Will that dominated ancient civilization. Will demands short regulations, quick judgment, swift execution. The prolixity, involution, and equivocation of Modern Law, are results of the Conscience that dominates modern civilization. The worn-out monstrosities of Feudalism do certainly cause in some degree the tediousness and literalness of legal prescriptions; but these are more leavened by the casuistry of the Schoolmen, than by the expiring spirit of Feudalism. This casuistry spoke out in a scientific form, what worked as an agony in the popular heart—the numberless possibilities which the Christian Conscience in its fear and its hope originated: and when it had spoken out thus, it chose a permanent dwelling in legal documents and institutions. In endeavouring to strengthen our Will, we cannot so successfully contend with complicated laws, as with complicated conventionalism, for resistance in such a case is less within the reach of our own resources. Still we can resist; and though, at first, in this resistance, we contemplated nothing but the protection of our own individuality, we should by-and-by find, that we had been unconsciously performing a patriotic work.

Ancient civilization further differed from modern civilization in being less domestic; and this difference gave it a higher capability for the education of the Will. Home, in the modern sense of that beautiful word, had nothing corresponding to it in Antiquity. How delightful the associations that Home calls up to the fancy and the heart! Yet, delightful as they are, exceedingly unfavourable are they to energy of character. How often have we shrunk from some sublime resolve to which we had nerved our souls, when one single fireside vision gleamed upon our thoughts!

Likewise, if there was less delicacy in the ancient world, there was less false delicacy, than which there are few more potent foes to a determined Will. When people grow ashamed of the holiest and purest emotions of Nature, and use the most ridiculous circumlocutions to express what there is no reason, divine or human, for concealing, they are either wallowing in obscene images, which they aim at hiding by a sickening affectation, or they are innocent but pitifully feeble creatures, who are unconsciously occupied in eradicating the last remnant of a wavering Will, by repressing what it would be truth and virtue to disclose.

In Modern Times, moreover, what misuse has been made of the doctrine of Resignation!—a doctrine of which the Ancients knew nothing—a doctrine so excellent and philosophical in itself, but which is the current apology for apathy, indolence, ignorance, selfishness. A thoroughly resigned Man, in the sectarian sense of Resignation, is a Man without Will, sinking gradually into a vegetable, fixing his dull glance and his stupid conception on some dim phantom of fatality, and calling his sedentary nothingness Religion.

In exhibiting the points of superiority which Ancient Civilization possessed over Modern Civilization with regard to Will, we have aspired at accomplishing two objects:—first, at showing some of the essential features of dissimilarity between the two kinds of civilization, and, secondly, at affording instruments for the correction of the defects of Will. The best means for the creation and the education of Will, is the Will to have Will. When we have resolved to be resolute, the path is easy: but when our readers have adopted this means, such suggestions as we have offered them in this essay, may assist them to be more rapidly, completely, systematically steadfast and immovable.

KENNETH MORENCY.

PHILOSOPHY.

Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. Part 1. Ancient Philosophy. By the Rev. FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, Chaplain to Lincoln's Inn. Second Edition, revised. London: Griffin and Co. 1850.

THIS is another of the volumes that form a portion of the issue of that famous work, the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which we have already introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC, as being, in its new form, the greatest and most important literary enterprise of the time. It is to be republished in a series of volumes of cabinet size, so as to be a reading as well as a library book, each volume being devoted to a distinct subject, and all the treatises being revised, and many of them rewritten, where the advance of knowledge has made such an entire reconstruction necessary.

The volume now before us is the first of the two that are to comprise the History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. Mr. MAURICE treats fully of the Ancient Philosophy, commencing with that of the Hebrews, and then proceeding to describe successively that of the Egyptians, Phœnicians and Assyrians. Thence he turns to the Hindoo Philosophy, of which he presents by far the most clear and intelligible sketch we have ever seen. The Chinese Philosophy follows; then that of Persia; then that of Greece. This he reviews under four grand divisions, the Philosophy before the time of Socrates; its progress from Socrates to Aristotle, and to the philosophy of Aristotle he devotes an entire section. The succeeding later sects are grouped together and described more briefly. The Roman and the Alexandrian Philosophies complete the subject, which is treated with the fullness of information that proves how intimately the author is acquainted with his theme.

HISTORY.

Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Ambassadors at the Courts of England and France, from the Original Letters in the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna. Edited by WILLIAM BRADFORD, M. A., formerly Chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna. London: Bentley.

THIS volume is in great part a translation of a work which has been published at Vienna by Baron HORMAYR, with some additional letters and facts discovered by Mr. BRADFORD. But the Editor has exercised a sound judgment in the selection of such portions of a very voluminous work as are likely to interest the British public, for he has preferred those that have some connection with our own history. Thus, we have some curious revelations of Cardinal Wolsey's endeavours to obtain the Popedom, in which ambitious project he was not favoured by the Emperor, who put him off with general expressions of good will, but cautiously avoided anything that could be construed into a promise of support. In another part we find a very interesting series of communications from CHAPUYS, who was the Emperor's Ambassador to HENRY THE EIGHTH, and who transmitted to his master full particulars of the intrigues at Court, by which WOLSEY's fall was wrought, and the divorce of KATHERINE obtained. The correspondence of the Emperor occupies only a portion of the volume, the remainder of it being made up of an itinerary of CHARLES V. from 1519 to 1551, kept by his Secretary; sketches of the Emperor

and his Court by the Venetian Ambassador NAVAGIERO, &c. From these many passages of curious interest might be taken, had we space for them. Our readers must, however, be content with a partial gleaning; but we can recommend them to go to the volume itself for much more of equal worth.

First, let us take a peep at the state of things as they preceded the fall of WOLSEY, communicated by CHAPUYS to the Emperor.

WOLSEY FALLING.

25th October, 1529.—Sire! The news here is, that the Cardinal who has long tottered, has at length come to his complete downfall. Having been dismissed from the Council, and deprived of his office as Chancellor, he has since also been constrained to make an inventory of all his moveables in his own hand, that nothing may be forgotten, and that he may be more easily convicted. It is said, that having of his own free will acknowledged his past errors and faults, he has presented all he had to the King, which is no trifling matter. Yesterday the King returned privately by water from Greenwich to view the said effects. He took with him only his Ladye Love, her mother and one gentleman of his chamber. The Cardinal notwithstanding his troubles, has always shown a good face, until the day of St. Luke; when all his bravadoes have been turned into complaints and tears and sighs; and this, it is said, without ceasing day or night. When the King heard this, either moved with pity or thinking it inconvenient that he should die before a full disclosure and verification of several things had taken place, he sent him a ring for his consolation. The Cardinal has now retired with a very small train to a place about ten miles hence. A son of his has been sent for from Paris, who was there following his studies, and of whom I have formerly made some mention to your Majesty. The people say execrable things of him, which are to come to light before Parliament; and it may be supposed, that let the matter end as it may, those that have raised the storm against the Cardinal, will not let it rest until they have done for him completely, knowing full well how it would go with them, were he to return to power.

February 6th, 1530.—Sire, as I lately informed Your Majesty, the said Cardinal has been ill; or as some say, has feigned illness in hopes that the King would visit him. This he did not do, but he sent him the best remedy for his illness, namely, a promise of pardon and oblivion of all charges made against him. On hearing which, he immediately began to improve, and is now quite convalescent. To-day he is to receive the act of grace and oblivion in form, as he requested. The King is to leave him the full enjoyment of the Archbishopric of York, and to give him a yearly pension of three thousand angels, to be raised from the revenues of the Bishopric of Winchester; in consideration thereof, he is to give up all claims on that and every other benefice. The King, beside the ten thousand angels which he gave him since his condemnation, has restored to him two services of plate, and tapestry enough for five rooms; the rest of his money and goods are to remain in the King's possession. With regard to his house in this city, the said King has, within the last few days, taken legal possession of it, and incorporated it in his patrimony, and in its place he is to give another which will be attached to the Archbishopric of York. Master Russell told me, that on account of a few words in favour of the Cardinal which he had said to the King, *the lady* had held him in dudgeon and refused to speak to him for a whole month; and that a week ago the Duke of Norfolk told him how much he had offended the said lady, his niece; and added, that she was also considerably irritated against himself, for not having used his favour to the utmost against the said Cardinal; concerning which she had made many complaints.

After this, the Duke asked Master Russell, whether he was not of opinion, that the Cardinal still cherished the wish and hope of being restored to favour. He replied, that he thought, the Duke must be aware of the courage and ambition of the said Cardinal, which would never lead him to draw back, in case of a favourable opportunity of re-entering office; and that this was not unlikely to occur, if the King should require his

counsel and assistance in any matter, which he had formerly been accustomed to transact. Upon this the Duke began to swear vehemently, that sooner than allow this, he would eat him up alive; and I understand that to prevent any such possibility, the Cardinal has been forbidden to approach within six or seven English miles of the court.

Sire, a cousin of the physician of the said Cardinal told me, that during his illness *the lady* had sent to visit him, and had represented herself as favouring him with the King, which is a thing difficult to believe, after what I have stated above, and considering the hatred which she has always borne him. Either she must have thought he was dying, or she wished to show her talent for dissimulation and intrigue, of which she is generally reputed a perfect mistress.

Shortly afterwards we are introduced by the same correspondent to

WOLSEY FALLEN.

Sire, within the last few days a present of poultry has been sent to the Queen by the Duchess of Norfolk, and with it an orange, in which was enclosed a letter from Gregory Cassal which I deem proper to send to Your Majesty. The Queen thinks, that the Duchess sent her this present of her own accord, and out of the love she bears her, but I fear it was done with the knowledge of her husband; at all events this seems to open a way for the Queen to communicate secretly with her more easily.

Eight days ago the King ordered the Cardinal to be brought here: on hearing which, the said Cardinal abstained from food for several days. It is said that he hoped rather to end his life in this manner than in a more ignominious and dishonourable one, of which he had some fears; and in consequence of this abstinence he has been taken ill on the road, and is not yet arrived. They say also, that a lodging is prepared for him in the Tower, in the same part that the Duke of Buckingham occupied; many reasons are assigned for his arrest, but they are all mere conjectures.

A gentleman told me, that a short time ago, the King was complaining to his Council of something that had not been done according to his wish, and exclaimed in great wrath, that the Cardinal was a very different man from any of *them*, for conducting all things properly; and having repeated the same twice over, he left them in displeasure. Since this time the Duke, *the Lady*, and the Father have never ceased plotting against the said Cardinal, and the lady especially, who has wept and lamented over her lost time and honour, and threatened the King that she would go away. They say the King has had enough to do to quiet her, and even though he entreated her most affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, not to leave him, nothing would satisfy her but the arrest of the Cardinal. The pretext given out was, that he had written to Rome to be reinstated in his possessions, and to France for support and credit, that he was beginning to resume his former splendid habits of living, and that he was trying to corrupt the people. Now, however, they have got the physician of the said Cardinal into their hands, and have discovered what they looked for.

The said physician, ever since the second day of his coming here, has been, and still is, treated as a prince in the house of the Duke of Norfolk, which clearly shows that he has been singing to the right tune.

And then to

WOLSEY DEAD.

Sire, the Cardinal of York died on St. Andrew's day, about forty miles from hence, at the place where the last King Richard was defeated and killed; they are both buried in the same church, which people already begin to call *the tyrant's sepulchre*.

There are many different reports as to the cause of his death. On his arrest he for several days refused to take any nourishment, and since then, it is said, that he either *took*, or *was given* something to hasten his end. On Monday, the Captain of the guard arrived to conduct him hither; and they supped together with apparent relish. Very soon afterwards the Cardinal was taken so ill, that they did not think he could have outlived the night. He lingered how-

ever till Wednesday, and prepared for his end like a good Christian. At the time of receiving the holy sacrament he protested that he had never undertaken anything to his Sovereign's prejudice. Since his death the Court has been very busy, but his benefices have not yet been disposed of, and it is said that the King will retain them some time longer for his own use.

The Venetian Ambassador sends to his employers the following sketch of

THE EMPEROR AND HIS COURT.

The Emperor is now forty-six years of age. He is a prince who amidst all his greatness and victories has retained a most humble and modest demeanour. He appears to be very studious of religion, and wishes by his example to excite the fervour of divine worship in his court; so that in order to acquire his favour there is no surer method than propriety of conduct, and the profession of sincere Christianity. His court is more quiet and modest than I can describe; without any appearance of vice, and perfectly well ordered. In his audiences, especially towards persons in official situations, he is extremely patient, and answers everything in detail; but seldom or never comes to an immediate resolution on any subject. He always refers the matter, whether it be small or great, to Monsr. de Granvelle; and after consulting with him he resolves on the course he has to take, but always slowly, for such is his nature. Some people find fault with this, and call him irresolute and tardy; whilst others praise him for caution and discretion. With regard to private audiences, he used to be more diligent than he now is; but even now he generally has two or three every day after dinner. These private audiences are generally left to his ministers; and they being few, and the affairs many, no one can come to court for any matter, whether of importance or otherwise, without being detained much longer than is agreeable to them. The Emperor dines in public almost always at the same hour—namely, twelve o'clock at noon. On first rising in the morning, which he does very late, he attends a private mass, said to be for the soul of the late Empress. Then, after having got over a few audiences, he proceeds to a public mass in the chapel, and immediately afterwards to dinner. So that it has become a proverb at court; *Dalla messa alla mensa* (from the mass to the mess.) The Emperor eats a great deal; perhaps more than is good for his health, considering his constitution and habits of exercise. And he eats a kind of food which produces gross and vicious humours, whence arise the two indispositions which torment him; namely, the gout and the asthma. He tries to mitigate these disorders by partial fasts in the evening, but the physicians say it would be better if he were to divide the nourishment of the day into two regular meals. When his Majesty is well he thinks he never can be ill, and takes very little notice of the advice of his physician; but the moment he is ill again, he will do anything towards his recovery. He is liberal in some things, such as recompensing those who have served him in the field, and those for whom he has any particular regard; but even in this he proceeds slowly. In his dress, his table, furniture equipages, and the chase, he affects rather the state of a moderate prince, than of a great emperor. Although not by nature inclined to do so, his Majesty is constrained to dispense gifts on a very large scale; for all the income of the *three orders* in Spain, which are extremely rich, must of necessity be distributed by the Emperor, as also the many benefices and bishoprics of Spain and his other dominions. It is plain that he proceeds very cautiously in these matters, and gives away with much discrimination; having respect only to the good character and virtuous conduct of those to whom they are given; and on the subject of these bishoprics, His Majesty generally acts by the advice and opinion of his confessor, a Spanish monk of the order of St. Domenick. The Emperor professes to keep his word, to love peace, and to have no desire for war, unless provoked to it. He is consistent in keeping up the dignity of those whom he has once made great; and whenever they get into difficulties he trusts rather to his own judgment in their case than to what is said of them by others. He is a prince who will listen to all, and is willing to place the utmost confidence in his friends, but chooses to have always the casting voice himself; and when once persuaded in his own mind, it is rare indeed that any argument will change his opinion. His recreations

consists chiefly in following the chase; sometimes accompanied by a few attendants, and sometimes quite alone, with an arquebuss in his hand. He is much pleased with a dwarf given to him by His Highness the King of Poland, which dwarf is very well made, and quick-witted. The Emperor sometimes plays with him, and he seems to afford him infinite amusement. There is also a jester, lately come from Spain, who makes His Majesty laugh, and causes a deal of merriment at court. His name is Perico, and in order to please the Emperor, whenever Philip his son is named, he calls him Signor di Todo. And now, though I might enlarge much more upon the nature, habits, and virtues of the Emperor, I will only remark as a brief summary, that from all I have seen in my time, and from what others who frequent this court are obliged to confess, there does not exist, in these days, a more virtuous prince, or one who sets a better example to all men, than His Majesty Charles V.

The Emperor's body guard consists of two hundred halberdiers; one half of whom are Spanish, and the other half German; and of one hundred archers, who receive more than twice as much pay as the former. His household is divided into three principal departments. The first is under the direction of the "Sommelier du corps" (King's Butler, or Comptroller of the Household), who now performs the duty formerly devolving on the Grand Chamberlain; for, since the death of Monsr. de Nassau, the Emperor has not chosen to appoint any one in his place. The second department is under the "Maggiordomo Maggior" (Chief Majordomo, or Master of the Household); and the third under the "Gran Scudier" (Master of the Horse.) The first of these appointments is now held by Monsr. de Rice, a Burgundian; and, in his absence, by the eldest of the gentlemen of the chamber (il "Camerier piu vecchio.") Under his orders are all those whose duty or privilege it is to enter the private apartments, and to whose care the guard of the Sovereign's person is committed; such as the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, the household servants, and the medical men and other officials who are concerned in the preservation of human life. As soon as the Emperor leaves his own apartment, the charge of guarding his person devolves upon the Chief Majordomo, the Duke of Alva. Under him are two other Majordomos. One of them is a Piedmontese, called Monfalconeto, and the other is a Spaniard, named Giovan Mansi Guedilara, who is brother to the Duke de Nagara. Under their orders are all the gentlemen of the kitchen and of the household, who are occupied with the arrangements of the Emperor's table, and the necessary household expenditure. There is a stated number of these attendants, but it sometimes varies, at the Emperor's pleasure. They all attend His Majesty in time of peace and of war, some with two, some with four, and some with six horses. During a campaign they are embodied into what is called the squadron of His Majesty's household. As soon as the Emperor puts his foot into the stirrup, the charge of guarding his person is transferred to the Master of the Horse, the Count de Bresse. Under his command are all the horsemen and pages of His Majesty.

Here is a Royal epistle:—

CHARLES V. TO HENRY VIII.

Dated Ghent, the 27th of December, 1521.

My good uncle, brother, and father! I most heartily recommend myself to you, having received the letters by your first Secretary Pace, which you wrote with your own hand, and having learned from them, as well as by relation at length from your aforesaid Secretary, all your thoughts and desires, touching the election of the new Pope, which bear the most perfect conformity with all I have hitherto myself thought and wished, respecting the person of my especial friend Monseigneur the Cardinal of York; of which sentiments he could not fail to be assured by the letters, which I immediately wrote, on receiving the news of the death of our late holy father. For, certes, the prudence, learning, integrity, experience, as well as other virtues and accomplishments, for which he is distinguished, render him eminently worthy of such a dignity. I have, therefore, in coming to the knowledge of your intentions and his, hastened letters in the best form I could devise, for the promotion of the said Seigneur Cardinal to the said holy see, as will appear by the copies of my letters given to the said Pace,

along with the originals: insomuch, that you yourself, as well as the said Seigneur Cardinal may rest perfectly assured of my most earnest co-operation, and that there is nothing which I would leave undone which might contribute to this good effect; and glad should I be, could he see with his own eyes, and understand the full extent of the assistance I am ready to offer, not only in letters and words of myself and my friends, but also, should need be, by force of hand, in employing all the army which I have in Italy, and that not a small one; for besides the forces I have now in Lombardy, there remain in our kingdom of Naples, the five hundred men at arms, and the five hundred light cavalry of the rear Guard, which might be brought forward on any sudden emergency, as my Ambassador will more particularly inform you. And now I will conclude, praying the blessed Son of God to give you a good, happy, and long life.

The reader would probably be pleased to make a sort of personal acquaintance with HENRY VIII. CHAPUYS has preserved very faithful reports of some of his interviews. We take the most characteristic of these.

A DIALOGUE WITH HENRY VIII.

Sire! Presently afterwards the King passing on his way to Mass, came up directly to me, with the utmost graciousness and courtesy, much more than on a former occasion, and said, taking me by the sleeve, "so you have news for me, from my brother the Emperor?" On answering in the affirmative, he inquired the date of the letters, and being informed, he spoke of the great care your Majesty took to inform him of the news. I assured him in reply, that it was one of the principal cares of your Majesty to make him participate in all the affairs which most nearly concerned you, both in the communications you had with others, and in your own deliberations, and thus to prove the amity, brotherly affection and entire confidence cherished for him by your Majesty on all occasions, persuaded as you were that he in like manner would feel and act towards you,—which he cordially assented to. I then presented the letters of your Majesty and declared the tenor of my credentials, adding that although your Majesty had been advised that the Pope would himself write to him on the same subject, it was nevertheless suitable to the friendly sentiments which subsisted between you, as well as to the importance of the affair itself, that a special communication of it on your part should not be wanting. It was true, he told me, that the Pope had written to him, but it was not the less agreeable to learn from your Majesty the motives and object of this proceeding; and touching the particulars referred to in my said credentials, he had already provided for them, he said, in orders given to his Ambassadors now sent to your Majesty's court, who were authorised to confer, to treat and conclude on the whole affair. Speaking of the cause and occasion of your Majesty's journey into Italy, I observed, that in this instance he would surely not be the last to advance so good and holy a work. He replied certainly not, and that he should be very sorry to give cause to any such suspicion. But as it was now time for going to Mass, the King, wishing to discourse with me more at large, put off our further conference till his return. Sire! immediately after Mass the King coming up to me resumed the same subject, asking me if I thought it were possible that he could be backward in such a proceeding? I then laid before him more expressly and more particularly the great necessity there was to resist without further delay this formidable enemy the Turk, which would appear most pressing from extracts of letters which the king of Hungary had addressed to your Majesty, as well as from the tenor of those which Madame had been pleased to write to me. I told him that I had reason to fear also that the Pope's expected arrival at Bologna on the 5th of this month, would scarcely admit of his ambassadors who were to set out and travel at their ease, being in time for the conference; and therefore it might be expedient, I observed, were he to send another power by post to the ambassadors already with his Holiness, that they might treat on all the subjects in question, should the case require it. He told me that he had given the ambassadors sent to your Majesty especial charge to expedite their journey, and that he would repeat his injunctions on this point. With regard to your Majesty's

expectations from him in this war with the Turk, it was right, he said, to be clearly understood, that he could only do little, but that he was ready to do all in his power. I was unwilling to let this observation on the smallness of his ability pass without remarking that it could not be inconsiderable as to men, and certainly was very far from being so as to money, with which, it was well known he was provided at least as well as any Prince in Christendom. Were it indeed otherwise, I added, since he was absolute as the Pope, in his dominions, and had moreover such an abundance of rich ecclesiastics, he could hardly plead a want of wealth. He would not be wanting, he rejoined, to assist and promote the enterprise in view as far as the object appeared to him to require his exertions; but your Majesty, he strongly intimated, as the principal in the affair, the greatest personage, and the most powerful, ought to be the conductor and leader of the way to others, and the more effectually to accomplish this, ought without delay to make peace with the potentates of Italy. He said that all the success you could gain there, would not add one jot to your greatness or your power, and the more your Majesty could abstain from wasting means in that quarter which might be employed on a much greater and fitter object elsewhere, the more would it redound to your Majesty's honour, praise, and reputation in the face of all the world. It was not, he said, out of any favour or affection towards the Italian powers, to whom he was bound by no tie or obligation, but out of a sense of duty to your Majesty, that he made this remark, for whose exaltation and glory he was always anxious. Not that he presumed to offer advice to your Majesty, he continued, who was not only provided with a store of faithful counsellors, but who was yourself greatly distinguished for your prudence. Your Majesty, I assured him, had never ceased to use your best efforts for bringing about a safe peace, union, and tranquillity in Italy, and that this was one of the motives of the present journey, as I had before observed. I told him that the parties with whom you had to deal were so difficult to bring to reason, having always some reserved point in their proposals, that caution in proceeding with them was, so to speak, no less necessary than with the Turks, and consequently that their very offers of amity were not immediately to be acceded to, much to the discomfiture of your Majesty; as might be seen in the case of the Duke Francisco Sforza.

We conclude with the account given by the same reporter of

HENRY'S TREATMENT OF KATHERINE.

Sire,—Since my last letters, the Bishop of Rochester urged by his care for the King's conscience, for the good of the country, the benefit of the Queen, and his own respect for truth, has finished revising and correcting the book which he lately wrote, and which I sent to your Majesty. He has also written another, which the Queen has directed me to forward immediately by the present courier, in order that the persons deputed by your Majesty to support her rights, may have leisure to examine it thoroughly, before the arrival of those who are about to oppose them on the King's part. The said bishop has entreated the Queen to do so, although he greatly fears being known to be the author of this last work, as the said Queen has informed your Majesty. His great learning, and the pains he has taken in compiling these works, will be seen in the works themselves, and cannot fail to add great weight to his opinion. His good and pious life, well known at Rome and elsewhere, and his being a subject of the said King's, will also prove, that there need be no suspicion of unfair dealing from him, as there is from many who advocate the King's cause. Sire, the treatment of the Queen continues as bad, I might even say worse than ever. The King absents himself from her as much as possible, and is always here with the lady, whilst the Queen is at Richmond. He has never been so long without visiting her as now, but states as an excuse, that a death from the plague has taken place near her residence. He has also resumed his attempts to persuade her to become a nun; this, however, is only lost time, for the Queen will never condescend to such a step. The continued trouble and annoyance which she undergoes, constrain her to persevere in importuning your Majesty, both by her own letters and by mine; nor will she cease to do so, until her suit is brought to a final conclusion,

which she trusts it will be before your Majesty leaves Italy.

It will be seen, from these extracts, that an interesting and valuable addition has been made to the Historical Library, by the industry of Mr. BRADFORD.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D. By GEORGE COMBE. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1850.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

FROM the same series of beautiful letters from which we made an extract in the last notice, we now make another on the

PRACTICAL VALUE OF PHRENOLOGY.

I may mention that part of the advantages conferred upon me in my professional capacity by phrenology, consisted, first, in the much clearer light which it threw upon the origin and nature of nervous and mental diseases, and, secondly, in the power which it gave me of discriminating the dispositions and tendencies of individual patients, and appreciating the influence of these qualities on the progress of their diseases, and in their conduct towards myself and those about them, and also in the facilities which it afforded me in regulating and turning these dispositions to account for their behoof. This knowledge not only enabled me to bear without disturbance the many little rubs and disagreeables which the irritability of disease calls forth from some characters on all around them, and which, rightly viewed, are as harmless as, viewed in a wrong light, they are harassing and vexatious; but also enabled me to gain the confidence of my patients, and soothe and sympathise with them in a way which gave them great comfort, and promoted their recovery, without calling for any mere flattery or sacrifice of truth in what I said to them. It enabled me, in short, to address myself to the individual in a way which "the individual" felt to apply to him as a separate being endowed with qualities of his own; instead of merely addressing to each words of comfort and good-nature equally applicable to every one, and which, therefore, no one feels as appropriate to his own peculiar use. I know many kind and good physicians who fail to exert any beneficial moral influence on their patients, from this very generality of speech. Their skill is appreciated, and, in acute diseases, they are highly valued for decision; but in the more chronic cases, constituting the large mass of human ailments, their efficiency is impaired by want of individual appreciation. From the facilities which phrenology afforded me in discriminating the dispositions of my patients, aided by some natural tact, I often excited the surprise of the patients themselves, at the justness with which I entered into their feelings and condition. I have not unfrequently been told, after a time, by those whom I had not known before their illness, that they had great comfort in seeing me, because I seemed to "know them so well;" and they were "sure I was their friend," as if "I had always known them."

And again, in continuation of the same subject:

December 25.—One great comfort I often derived from phrenology arose from its exposing so clearly the source, in another, of bad temper, querulousness, anxiety, or depression; and from the spirit of humane toleration and calmness with which that knowledge enabled me to meet their unreasonable manifestations in my patients, instead of regarding them, as I often might have done, as personal and intentional indignities. A sensible and kind patient, with large cautiousness and moderate intellect, suffers, under the irritability of disease, a fidgetty and restless anxiety and apprehension, which is often extremely troublesome to a medical adviser, and shows itself, at times, in the shape of distrust of his skill, and attentions, and remedies. If one regards this as the result of a settled conviction and as an intentional exhibition of disrespect, it becomes annoying and intolerable to one's feelings. But if it be viewed more accurately as a mere symptom, like pain, disagreeable to the patient himself, and indicating only a morbid condition of cautiousness, it will

rouse feelings of a very different kind; and all our efforts will be excited to relieve him from it, as from the pains of toothache, in the full assurance that the kindly feeling and confidence first shown will return (if they were ever really shaken) with the removal of the morbid action. In the same way, even the over anxiety of the patient's friends, who, perhaps, are personally unacquainted with his medical adviser, sometimes leads them to speak rashly in condemnation of the treatment pursued, and to recommend some one else to be consulted. In a case of this kind, common sense dictates that the physician should make allowance for the natural concern of friends, and not inconsiderately take offence where, at bottom, none is meant to be given. But even here, I have felt great comfort in the clearness with which phrenology shows that such exhibitions of distrust are merely emanations of good feelings over excited by interest in the suffering patient, and not at all intended to inflict pain on others.

And further on,

The aid which phrenology affords in discriminating the true nature of nervous and mental diseases, and in enabling the physician and attendants to regulate their physical and especially their moral treatment, on clear, consistent and intelligible principles, is very great—much greater, indeed, than an uninformed though sensible on-looker could imagine or believe. The advantage which a phrenological physician has in his own intercourse with a nervous patient consists, not merely in the clearer view which he obtains of the nature of the disease, but in the facilities which he possesses for working upon the sound faculties of the mind, and removing all objects calculated to rouse those which are morbidly susceptible. Knowing the functions of the primitive powers of the mind, he is aware what objects are especially related to each, what ought to be avoided, and what cherished. He can enter into conversation with the patient intelligently, and make him feel that he really knows his true state. This is the first step to confidence in nervous disease; and confidence, as Esquirol long ago remarked, is the first step to the cure of the insane. I have often been told most feelingly by nervous, and sometimes by insane patients, that I understood them better than any one they had come into contact with.

And thus, in a letter to Sir JAMES CLARK,

I could say much also in favour of phrenology, as a key to the human mind, and as invaluable to a character like —'s. It shows one where reliance can be safely placed, and gives just confidence in the good of human nature, from showing the solidity of its foundations. By indicating where reliance would be unsafe, it prevents general suspiciousness, and induces charitable feeling to predominate even while providing against the doings of bad men, and many more good things which I cannot now expound, and which, without some knowledge of it, could not be rightly understood. I do not mean that it prevents one from ever making mistakes; but it greatly diminishes their number, and adds to practical happiness. I would not, had I the last twenty years to live over again, take 1000*l.* a-year and be without my phrenological knowledge.

In September, 1842, he was persuaded by Sir JAMES CLARK to try the air of Madeira, and he proceeded thither with his sister. Having spent the winter there very agreeably, he returned home in the following April. Two long letters addressed to the Editor of the *Scotsman* give a detailed and very interesting description of the island and its inhabitants. In May, 1843, we find the following

OPINION OF HOMŒOPATHY.

I am not, and for a long time have not been, hostile to homœopathy. I have long thought that the homœopaths have made out a case for serious inquiry, and on that ground urged our medical nephews to avail themselves of the opportunities presented to them to investigate its claims, and verify them in practical observation. If I were to continue in my profession, I should consider it a duty to test these claims. There are many analogies in their favour, not only in Liebig, but in nature; but there are also numerous difficulties. From personal knowledge I do not hold myself entitled

either to adopt or condemn the principles of the homœopaths.

In November, he sought Madeira again for winter quarters, and remained there until the following June; but when he met his brother George in Edinburgh there was a visible change for the worse. Still he would not again leave Scotland when the winter came on, but spent it in Edinburgh, with less uneasiness than he had anticipated. The spring of 1845 he occupied with gentle travelling about the Highlands; then he went to Ireland, and afterwards to Belgium. The next winter also was passed in Edinburgh. During this period he wrote an article for the *Medical Review*, in which he states

THE PRINCIPLES OF MEDICINE.

The one great principle, then, to which a comprehensive review of homœopathy, "allopathy," hydropathy, and all other systems of medicine, seems irresistibly to lead, is, that in all cases and on all occasions, *nature is truly the agent in the cure of disease; and that, as she acts in accordance with fixed and invariable laws, the aim of the physician ought always to be to facilitate her efforts, by acting in harmony with, and not in opposition to those laws.* Disease, as already remarked, is a mode of action of a living organism, and not an entity apart from it. In accordance with this view, experience shows that when we favour the return to a normal action by simply natural means, recovery will ensue in most cases, without the use of drugs at all. So far from being always necessary to a cure, drugs are required only where the power of nature to resume her normal action proves inadequate or is impeded by a removable obstruction. Even then it is still nature acting in accordance with her own laws that brings about the cure. She may be aided, but she ought never to be thwarted; and medicine will advance towards the certainty of other sciences only in proportion as we become saturated with this guiding principle.

In March, 1846, he addressed to Mr. RICHARD COBDEN M.P., the following excellent letter on

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.

My dear Sir,—My brother has shown me your letter of the 7th, and although personally unknown to you, I cannot refrain from expressing the satisfaction I feel at the improvement of your health, and still more at the determination you have formed to allow nothing to interfere with the means which may be requisite for its entire restoration. To all classes in this country, your life and health are of much importance; for, morally and rationally, you exercise an influence over your fellow-men, both at home and abroad, which no one can supply, and which, if you be spared, will do more for the diffusion of sound social feeling, and just and rational views of the real interests of men and nations, than could be effected by any existing "party," however liberal, in a generation. Believing this, it would be strange if I did not feel deeply interested in the permanent restoration of that health and energy of mind and body on which so much of the future must depend. Convinced as I am not only by your own narrative, but by the utter physical impossibility of any corporeal system going through the years of unremitting and anxious toil which you have done, without being severely shaken, and even endangered by it, I cannot too earnestly charge you to adhere unalterably to your resolution, to take a long period of repose amidst new objects and scenes, and in winter to resort to a milder climate. The present sacrifice, great as it must be to yourself and to the public, will count as nothing when the day of reckoning comes, and you find years of active usefulness repay the months spent in laying that foundation for the future, without which your superstructure will rest as upon the treacherous sand which yields at the very moment it seems most firm. When you were still engaged in active and exciting exertion, with new claims arising around you at every instant, it would have been in vain to preach moderation and care. Feeling, as you did, strength for the work, you could not see that it was the nearly-exhausted strength of an over-stimulated nervous system. But the interval of illness and repose has

fortunately allowed the excitement so far to subside, as to give you a more accurate view of your real condition; and if it shall lead you to act wisely in time, and with that foresight and decision which your character indicates, I for one shall rejoice that "you have been afflicted!" I have no wish, however, to alarm you, and no reason. I believe it is yet time to be prudent and reap the permanent reward; but the course followed should be clear, unhesitating, and of sufficient duration to enable nature to repair thoroughly the ravages already made.

I am not aware who your medical adviser is; but from what you say of his hints, I am thankful you are in the hands of one who apparently knows what he is about, and is not disposed to trifle when he sees an enemy advancing against his friend.

I have observed so much of the evil from which I should like to see you saved, that I am perhaps unconsciously going a step too far in writing to you thus freely. But you will, I trust, forgive me. My brother himself suffered severely from long-continued over-exertion in an excellent cause, and remained blind to his danger till the excitement subsided, although it was often placed strongly before him for years. Fortunately, however, the collapse came in time to save him; and at the end of two or three years, he made up his lost stamina. Another example was that of Mr. Whiteside, the Irish barrister, who made one of the best speeches in defence of O'Connell. Unremitting over-exertion had almost undermined his constitution, and his labours during the trial were followed by greatly impaired energies. The excitement and elation, and the increase of business, kept him up for a time, and blinded him to his real condition. Chance threw him in my way the autumn before last, when he came to Scotland to relax. I urged him then most earnestly to throw business to the dogs, and to spend the winter in a milder climate, far from courts and excitement. He could not bring his mind to the sacrifice. In vain I urged, that ambition could be gratified only by continuing to live. He would try, he said, and cut and run, if he felt it necessary. He returned to his business, and the consequence was, that after a slight exposure to cold in March last year, inflammation in a small part of one lung was developed, and, from his deficient stamina, became nearly fatal. I saw him in the beginning of June in Dublin, a confirmed invalid, but thought it still possible for him to escape, if he would be submissive to advice. I joined my entreaties and expostulations as a friend to those of Sir Henry Marsh, and induced him to go to the Continent. In London he saw Sir James Clark, who backed us stoutly, and told him he must winter in Italy, and not show face in England for a year, if he wished for either life or promotion. He reluctantly consented, and notwithstanding sundry imprudences arising from a mercurial temperament, he wrote lately from Naples, that he was in more vigorous health than for many years past.

Another painful and instructive example was that of the late Dr. James Hope, of London, a fellow-student of mine. Ambitious of being the first in his profession, he terribly overtaxed an "iron constitution," on which he relied for his defence against nature. When urged to desist and go abroad for a year, he replied, that to do so would be to forfeit all for which he had laboured, but that he would spare himself as much as he could. In another year he was in his grave, at the age of forty; thus cutting off, perhaps, thirty years of fame and usefulness, which might otherwise have been within his easy reach. By acting differently, I have reached my forty-ninth year, although condemned as consumptive in 1820, and ever since an invalid. I have not done much, certainly, but have done something in a small way, which I felt to be worth living for. It is only the other day, in a letter to a friend, I was expressing my thankfulness to have been spared another year from last March, when I seemed to be near my end; and the occasion was the reading the concluding night's debate, and your admirably-toned speech on the repeal of the corn-laws, and the adoption of the principle of free trade. On looking forward to the probable results of the discussion and vote, upon generations yet unborn, I felt that now, come my day of departure when it might, I could rejoice in the consciousness that a gigantic step had been made in the progress of human happiness and improvement, and that I owed you and those engaged with you in the great struggle a deep debt of gratitude.

In the immediate money results of the measure, many are doomed, I believe, to disappointment, while comparatively few foresee the most valuable of its probable consequences. To guide and assist in working out these, by promoting other measures of a kindred nature, your presence and exertions will be of paramount importance; and it is to preserve you for a long future that I venture to urge, so strongly, that timely prudence which seems in your case to be so much required. Your own mind will draw the necessary conclusions from the examples I have mentioned, and I need not inflict any disquisition upon you regarding them. I have already sufficiently trespassed upon your time, and shall leave my brother to add any hints from his own experience which he may think likely to be useful.

We must take a passage from a letter to Miss DUNVILLE, dated August 9, 1846, on the

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

I trust that you will have as much as possible other children as companions for your nephew. The more I see and the longer I live, I am the more struck with the evils of the prevailing system of isolating children within their own family circle, however small, as if no other children were good enough to be their companions. It cultivates selfishness and feebleness of character, by destroying the elasticity and vigour of action elicited by contact with other minds than their own. At their age, too, it is most unnatural. I daily thank Heaven more and more for having been left by my parents to mix freely in the play and society of all the children in our neighbourhood without exception. They were all poor sons of brewers, tanners, journeymen printers, and so forth; as the brewery was situated in a poor quarter. Some of them were ragged and ill-fed; but I am sure that I owe much good and little harm to their companionship. In morality and amiability, I must even now do them the justice to say, they were not my inferiors. The few black sheep were instinctively shunned by the better sort, without bidding from father or mother; and this stands true to nature at all ages. Hence, fences are much less needed than is supposed. As we grew up, a gradual separation ensued as our pursuits and feelings diverged; but goodwill remained till companionship ended in a friendly nod. The worst evil I suffered was imbibing in a stronger form the Scottish pronunciation, which will stick to me for ever; but that I should have had at any rate, only in a shade less deep, and it is a small price to pay for the advantages gained.

On a question now much agitated—that of secular education in public schools, he writes thus sensibly:

If you then ask, Do I advocate the teaching of what is called religion in our schools? I say, No. I advocate strongly teaching religion, but not sectarianism. As I view the matter, it stands thus. The nation consists of A, B, C, and D, each of whom is strongly impressed with the importance of religious instruction to the welfare of the young; but along with religious truth, A has mixed up one great error, the consequences of which are evil; B another, C a third, and D a fourth. Each sees his neighbour's error and evil, but not his own; each is, consequently, determined to enforce instruction in his error along with the truth common to all; and each is resolute not to yield place to the others. This is a *fix*. If you step in and say, "A's error relates only to eternity, and concerns him alone—let us, therefore, exclude his religion altogether," B, C, and D will instantly join hands with A, and exclaim against the exclusion, because, along with his error, it throws overboard much of the truth. As none will yield, there is practically no mode of escape from the difficulty, but to prohibit them all from teaching their peculiar creeds in schools intended for the use of all, and to induce them to teach as much of the truth upon which they are all agreed as can possibly be done. This is what is now actually done in the National Schools in Ireland; and the only additional way to do good is to use every means of enlightening society as to what is religion, and what is not, with a view to increase the points of their agreement.

In a subsequent letter he further explains these views.

The practical inference from all this is, that while we continue to advocate the exclusion of sectarianism of every hue from our educational institutions, we are so far from wishing to exclude religion itself, that our chief desire is to see all education rendered much more religious than it has ever been, or ever can be, under the present system. To make religion bear its proper fruit, it must become a part and parcel of everyday life. It must, in fact, be mixed up with all we think, feel, and do; and if science were taught as it ought to be, it would be felt to lead to this, not only without effort, but necessarily. God is the creator and arranger of all things; and wherever we point out a use and pre-arranged design, we necessarily point to Him. If we can then show that the design has a benevolent purpose, and that its neglect leads to suffering, we thereby necessarily exhibit the loving-kindness of God, and recognise it even in our suffering. If we next point out harmony between apparently unconnected relations, and show how all bear on one common end, we necessarily give evidence of a wisdom, omniscience, and power, calculated to gratify, in the highest degree, our sentiments of wonder, reverence, and admiration. If we familiarise the mind with the order and laws of God's providence, and their beneficent ends as rules for our conduct, the very reverence thereby excited will prompt to submission—systematic submission, because cheerful and confiding—to His will as our surest trust. Here, then, is the legitimate field for the daily, hourly, and unremitting exercise of the religious feelings in the ordinary life of man, and for the exercise of that true, vivifying, practical religion which sees God in all things, lives in His presence, and delights in fulfilling His will.

Early in 1847, he was recommended to take a trip to America. This was approved by Sir JAMES CLARK, and on the 16th of April he sailed from Liverpool, and on the 14th of May landed at New York. But not finding the climate to agree with him, he quitted the New World on the 8th of June, landing at Liverpool on the 25th. He continued, however, in rather better health than usual till the 2nd of August, when he was suddenly seized with diarrhoea, and on the 9th he expired tranquilly. We take the concluding scene, as it is described by his niece, who attended him.

HIS DEATH.

My dear uncle has left the world with as little suffering to himself as could possibly have been the case in such circumstances, and there never was the least *jarring* in his mind during the whole week of his illness. Almost from the first, there was more ground for apprehension than in his former illness (in the spring of 1845.) On this occasion, a cause of danger was apparent; it was formidable, and its features were all along different from those of the previous attack. He submitted patiently to all the discomforts and to the increasing weakness of his condition, but at the same time he was alive to everything that ought to be done to give him a chance of recovery, though he steadily and cheerfully looked on the probability of death being the speedy termination. He said that although nature would still cling to life, it was, in the eye of reason, better for him to die, seeing that his powers had become so much enfeebled. No one was more aware of his diminished energy than himself; he often talked of it, and said that his death would be no loss, so far as his usefulness was concerned. Yet it is astonishing how much he contrived to do lately for the benefit of others. The very day he was taken ill, he finished a long letter which cost him a great deal of thought, besides writing one to Mr. Brown, of Liverpool, inquiring about the rules of emigrant ships; and he had been busy for some time collecting materials for an article he was preparing on ship-fever.

During the past week, his character shone forth as bright and unselfish as ever. He thought much of the welfare of others, mentioning to me various matters of friendship or business, whenever his weakness allowed him to speak. He gave me many useful hints; but I am aware there are, and must of necessity be, many things about which I omitted to ask his opinion and wishes. He expressed a strong desire that my brother James should edit and revise his works, and adapt them to the knowledge of the day.

Although strong stimulants and much opium were administered to him, he never was stupified, but on the early part of yesterday his mind showed a tendency to waver; but even then it was touching to hear him talk with the utmost precision, and with a nice choice of words; his placid humour, too, occasionally came out, and then his countenance was lighted up with the corresponding expression.

There was not the same clinging to life which he showed formerly—that is to say, he perceived clearly that now there was an intelligible and adequate cause for death; and he was perfectly resigned. His whole being, so to speak, was imbued with the conviction of the beneficence and wisdom of God. Last night, when he could scarcely articulate, he said, in answer to our inquiries, “Happy, happy.” His last hour approached so gradually, so gently, that we could scarcely distinguish when he ceased to live; and the expression of his face is now, as before, pleasing, as all the little appearance of suffering is gone off.

The post-mortem examination showed that the condition of the lungs was not worse than usual, and that his death was solely to be ascribed to disease of the bowels.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.
Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A., Curate of Plumblund, Cumberland. In six vols. Vol. V. London: Longman. 1850.

NINE years of SOUTHEY's life are recorded in this volume, extending from the forty-sixth to the fifty-fifth year of his age. In point of incident, it was uneventful. His existence was that of the scholar, living apart from the busy world, and devoting his retirement to reading and writing. His “way of life” was now settled; the period for an endeavour to change it had passed. The hopes and fears of adventure were over; his fortunes were fixed; he would not, if he could, have sought a new path to wealth or fame. His world was within, self-created, self-sustained; and in the pleasures of home, in his children and in his correspondence, with occasional visits from friends, his days were pleasantly spent, and he enjoyed all the substantial happiness, unalloyed with the smallest amount of vexation and trouble, that is permitted to any man in this world of vicissitude. If the skein of his life was a tangled thread, good and ill together, he had more of the good and less of the ill than is allotted to the majority of us.

This, too, was the soberest period of his life. Reason had greater sway, imagination less than formerly. He thought more, and his writings reflect the condition of his mind. He had almost abandoned poetry, and the little he attempted showed how completely his fancy had been subdued by the increased action of the other faculties. During this period, which dates from 1820 to 1828, he produced his most famous works, those which are likely to have the longest existence. *The Life of Wesley*; *The Book of the Church*; the *Colloquies on the Nature and Progress of Society*; *The History of the Peninsular War*; and *The Life of Oliver Cromwell*, are his greater works, witnessing to his indefatigable industry. Besides these, he contributed largely to *The Quarterly Review*, and he designed some which he did not live to carry into execution, such as a “History of the Monastic Orders,” which would have been a valuable accession to literature, and which he was peculiarly qualified to write; and a “Life of Fox, the Founder of the Quakers.” His longest poetical effort was *The Vision of Judgment*, immortalized by Lord BYRON's parody, and which, but for that, would probably not now be remembered, although, at the time of

its composition, he was not a little proud of it, and very confident of its success. It was during this period, too, that he commenced the autobiography which has already appeared in this memoir. The other most remarkable incidents of the period in question were his being presented with the honorary Doctor's degree, at the Oxford Commemoration, and being elected for the borough of Downton, under the patronage of Lord RADNOR, an honour which, after some consideration, he declined, although Sir R. H. INGLIS and others offered to qualify him, and his reasons for refusing which he thus states to his brother:—

An estate of 300*l.* a year would be a very agreeable thing for me, Robert Lackland, and I would willingly change that name for it. The convenience, however, of having an estate is not the question which I am called upon to determine. It is (supposing the arrangement possible, which I greatly doubt) whether I will enter into public life at an age when a wise man would begin to think of retiring from it: whether I will place myself in a situation for which neither my habits, nor talents, nor disposition are suited; and in which I feel and know it to be impossible that I should fulfil the expectations of those who would raise the subscriptions. Others ought to believe me, and you will, when I declare that in any public assembly I should have no confidence in myself, no promptitude, none of that presence of mind without which no man can produce any effect there. This ought to be believed, because I have them all when acting in my proper station, and in my own way; and, therefore, cannot be supposed to speak from timidity, nor with any affectation of humility. Sir Robert Inglis and his friends have the Protestant cause at heart, and imagine that I could serve it in Parliament. I have it at heart also, deeply at heart; and will serve it to the utmost of my power, “so help me God!” But it is not by speaking in public that I can serve it. It is by bringing forth the knowledge which so large a part of my life has been passed in acquiring; by exposing the real character and history of the Romish Church, systematically and irrefragably (which I can and will do), in books which will be read now and hereafter, which must make a part hereafter of every historical library, and which will live and act when I am gone. If I felt that I could make an impression in Parliament, even then I would not give up future utility for present effect. I have too little ambition of one kind, and too much of another, to make the sacrifice. But I could make no impression there. I should only disappoint those who had contributed to place me there; and in this point of view it is a matter of prudence, as well as in all others of duty, to hold my first resolution, and remain contentedly in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call me. If a seat in Parliament were made compatible with my circumstances, it would not be so with my inclinations, habits, and pursuits; and, therefore, I must remain Robert Lackland.

You will not suppose that I despise 300*l.* a year, or should lightly refuse it. But I think you will feel, upon reflection, that I have decided properly in refusing to sit in Parliament under any circumstances.—R. S.

We must now, as before, pass lightly through the voluminous correspondence, a portion of which was scarcely worth preserving, and present our readers with some of its most salient points, throwing in such remarks as the subjects may suggest.

One of SOUTHEY's favourite projects was the restoration of monastic institutions, without the faith that founded or the vows that sustained them. “The Sisters of Mercy” of our own time are very like this

BEGUINAGE SCHEME.

A local habitation is all I wish for where a secular nunnery is to be established; acres enough to preserve the integrity of aspect from encroachment, and to prevent intrusion. . . . My notion of a female establishment is, that any benefactor erecting a set of chambers shall thereby acquire a right (alienable by will, gift, or sale, like other property) to place inmates

there on certain conditions, such as that security shall be given that each enjoy a competent income, not less than £— while she resides there; that she shall be bound to the necessary rules of female decorum, on pain of instant expulsion; and to such other rules as are indispensable to the well-being of the community; but that nothing like common meals shall be proposed. The ladies to choose their own mutual society,—of which there would be enough,—and to make all minor arrangements among themselves. I believe for external appearance, to prevent expense and vanity, and to restrain the number of idle applications, a uniform dress would be proper; and, for many purposes, as for prayers, bad weather, and peripatetic exercise, a large room would be a respectable adjunct to the edifice, and for which the fundators might be taxed a per-centage upon their several chambers. Under such easy laws as these, and considering how fashionable and how laudable is the appetite for virtuous patronage, I do not see how it could fail that among the female nobility, and other opulent females, many would be ready so to invest part of their money. None of it could be spent more for their own reputation and respectability; and, considering that the individuals admitted would not of necessity (nor usually) be maintained by the foundress of the chamber, but recommended to her by those who might have interest or gratification in giving security for the maintenance of the inmate, I cannot but think that the foundress, the immediate patron of the admitted female, who might thus exonerate himself from care and anxiety, were better motive wanting; and the admitted female, whose maintenance for life, or, at least, for a specified term of years, must be secured before her admission, would all find motive enough for falling into a plan, simple and unambiguous in its arrangement, and (if not wofully mismanaged) of the highest respectability.

He thus anticipates criticism on his

LIFE OF WESLEY.

Before I see you, you will receive the Life of Wesley, whereof only about two sheets remain to be printed. Some persons have expressed their expectations that the book will have a huge sale. I am much more inclined to think that it will obtain a moderate sale, and a durable reputation. Its merit will hardly be appreciated by any person, unless it be compared with what his former biographers have done; then, indeed, it would be seen what they have overlooked, how completely the composition is my own, and what pains it must have required to collect together the pieces for this great tessellated tablet. The book contains many fine things—pearls which I have raked out of the dunghill. My only merit is that of finding and setting them. It contains also many odd ones; some that may provoke a smile, and some that will touch the feelings. In parts, I think, some of my own best writing will be found. It is written with too fair a spirit to satisfy any particular set of men. For the “religious public” it will be too tolerant and too philosophical; for the liberals it will be too devotional; the Methodists will not endure any censure of their founder and their institutions; the high Churchman will as little be able to allow any praise of them. Some will complain of it as being heavy and dull; others will not think it serious enough. I shall be abused on all sides, and you well know how little I shall care for it.

Already we have presented some of his charming letters to his children. Here is another descriptive of his presentation at Oxford with a Doctor's Degree:—

SOUTHEY ELL-ELL-DEED.

To Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey.

June 26, 1820.

Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, you have been very good girls, and have written me very nice letters, with which I am much pleased. This is the last letter which I can write in return; and as I happen to have a quiet hour to myself, here at Streatham, on Monday noon, I will employ that hour in relating to you the whole history and manner of my being ell-ell-deed at Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor.

You must know, then, that because I had written a great many good books, and more especially the Life of Wesley, it was made known to me by the Vice-Chan-

cellor, through Mr. Heber, that the University of Oxford were desirous of showing me the only mark of honour in their power to bestow, which was that of making me an LL.D., that is to say, a Doctor of Laws.

Now, you are to know that some persons are ell-ell-deed every year at Oxford, at the great annual meeting which is called the Commemoration. There are two reasons for this; first, that the university may do itself honour, by bringing persons of distinction to receive the degree publicly as a mark of honour; and, secondly, that certain persons in inferior offices may share in the fees paid by those upon whom the ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed. For the first of these reasons the Emperor Alexander was made a Doctor of Laws at Oxford, the King of Prussia, and old Blucher, and Platoff. And for the second, the same degree is conferred upon noblemen, and persons of fortune and consideration, who are any ways connected with the university, or city, or county of Oxford.

The ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed in a large circular building called the theatre, of which I will show you a print when I return; and this theatre is filled with people. The under-graduates (that is the young men who are called Cathedrals at Keswick) entirely fill the gallery. Under the gallery there are seats, which are filled with ladies in full dress, separated from the gentlemen. Between these two divisions of the ladies are seats for the heads of houses, and the doctors of law, physic, and divinity. In the middle of these seats is the Vice-Chancellor, opposite the entrance which is under the orchestra. On the right and left are two kind of pulpits, from which the prize essays and poems are recited. The area, or middle of the theatre, is filled with bachelors and masters of arts, and with as many strangers as can obtain admission. Before the steps which lead up to the seats of the doctors, and directly in front of the Vice-Chancellor, a wooden bar is let down, covered with red cloth, and on each side of this the beadles stand in their robes.

When the theatre is full, the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of houses, and the doctors enter. Those persons who are to be ell-ell-deed remain without in the divinity schools, in their robes, till the convocation have signified their assent to the ell-ell-deeing, and then they are led into the theatre, one after another, in a line, into the middle of the area, the people just making a lane for them. The professor of civil law, Dr. Phillimore, went before, and made a long speech in Latin, telling the Vice-Chancellor, and the dignissimi doctors, what excellent persons we were who were now to be ell-ell-deed. Then he took us one by one by the hand, and presented each in his turn, pronouncing his name aloud, saying who and what he was, and calling him many laudatory names, ending in *issimus*. The audience then cheered loudly to show their approbation of the person; the Vice-Chancellor stood up, and repeating the first words in *issime*, ell-ell-deed him; the beadles lifted up the bar of separation, and the new-made doctor went up the steps and took his seat among the dignissimi doctors.

Oh Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, if you had seen me that day! I was like other *issimis*, dressed in a great robe of the finest scarlet cloth, with sleeves of rose-coloured silk, and I had in my hand a black velvet cap like a beef eater, for the use of which dress I paid one guinea for that day. Dr. Phillimore, who was an old school-fellow of mine, and a very good man, took me by the hand in my turn, and presented me; upon which there was a great clapping of hands and huzzaing at my name. When that was over, the Vice-Chancellor stood up, and said these words, whereby I was ell-ell-deed:—"Doctissime et ornatissime vir, ego, pro auctoritate mea et totius universitatis hujus admitto te ad gradum doctoris in jure civili, honoris causa." These were the words which ell-ell-deed me; and then the bar was lifted up, and I seated myself among the doctors.

Little girls, you know it might be proper for me now to wear a large wig, and to be called Doctor Southey, and to become very severe, and leave off being a comical papa. And if you should find that ell-ell-deeing has made this difference in me, you will not be surprised. However, I shall not come down in a wig, neither shall I wear my robes at home.

God bless you all!

Your affectionate Father,
R. SOUTHEY."

We must not omit a sketch of the author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

You form a just opinion of the character and tendency of William Taylor's conversation. A most unfortunate perversion of mind has made him always desirous of supporting strange and paradoxical opinions by ingenious arguments, and showing what may be said on the wrong side of a question. He likes to be in a state of doubt upon all subjects where doubt is possible; and has often said, "I begin to be too sure of that, and must see what reasons I can find against it." But when this is applied to great and momentous truths, the consequences are of the most fatal kind. I believe no man ever carried Pyrrhonism farther. But it has never led him into immoralities of any kind, nor prevented him from discharging the duties of private life in the most exemplary manner. There never lived a more dutiful son. I have seen his blind mother weep when she spoke of his goodness; and his kindness and generosity have only been limited by his means.

What is more remarkable is, that this habitual and excessive scepticism has weakened none of the sectarian prejudices in which he was brought up. He sympathises as cordially with the Unitarians in their animosity to the Church and State, as if he agreed with them in belief, and finds as strong a bond of union in party spirit as he could do in principle.

With regard to his talents, they are very great. No man can exceed him in ingenuity, nor in the readiness with which he adorns a subject by apt and lively illustrations. His knowledge is extensive, but not deep. When first I saw him, three-and-twenty years ago, I thought him the best informed man with whom I had ever conversed. When I visited him last, after a lapse of eight years, I discovered the limits of his information, and that upon all subjects it was very incomplete.

Of his heart and disposition I cannot speak more highly than I think. It is my belief that no man ever brought a kinder nature into this world. His great talents have been sadly wasted; and, what is worse, they have sometimes been sadly misemployed. He has unsettled the faith of many, and he has prepared for his own old age a pillow of thorns. To all reasoning, the pride of reason has made him inaccessible: and when I think of him, as I often do, with affection and sorrowful foreboding, the only foundation of hope is, that God is merciful, beyond our expectations, as well as beyond our deserts.

Here is an incident in the intercourse of

WORDSWORTH AND SOUTHEY.

Two or three weeks ago, calling at Calvert's, I learnt that Raisley C. had committed the great sin of shooting an owl. The criminality of the act was qualified by an ingenious confession, that he did not know what it was when he fired at it: the bird was brought in to show us, and then given me that I may show it to your godson, owls and monkeys being, of all created things, those for which he has acquired the greatest liking from his graphic studies. Home I came with the owl in my hand, and in the morning you would have been well pleased had you seen Cuthbert's joy at recognising, for the first time, the reality of what he sees daily in Bewick, or in some other of his books. Wordsworth and his wife were here, and as there was no sin in eating the owl, I ordered it to be dressed and brought in, in the place of game, that day at dinner. It was served up without the head, and a squat-looking fellow it was, about the size of a large wild pigeon, but broader in proportion to its length. The meat was more like bad mutton than any thing else. Wordsworth was not valiant enough to taste it. Mrs. W. did, and we agreed that there could be no pretext for making owls game, and killing them as delicacies. But if ever you eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce.

Thus, he introduces to the Rev. C. BENSON a remarkable man, like himself no longer numbered among the living.

DR. CHANNING.

Dr. Channing, of Boston, in New England, is equally distinguished in his own country by the fervour and eloquence of his preaching, and the primitive virtues of

his life. I take the liberty of introducing him to you, because you will feel yourself in accord with him upon many of the most important points, and because I am very desirous that he should see and converse with one who holds as high a rank in Old England, as he does in America. I have learnt from him, with some surprise, that, under the name of Unitarianism, Arianism is the prevailing doctrine in the Massachusetts' states, and that he himself is of that persuasion. But I have told him that he will find himself much more in sympathy with our clergy than with the Dissenters, and this he already apprehends. He is in opulent circumstances, and has devoted, and almost spent, himself in the ministerial duties.

I need say no more of him; his conversation, and the truly Christian temper of his mind, notwithstanding the doctrinal errors which he holds, will sufficiently recommend him.

Now for a reminiscence of

ROWLAND HILL.

Rowland, a fine tall old man, with strong features, very like his portrait, began by reading three verses for his text, stooping to the book in a very peculiar manner. Having done this, he stood up erect and said, "Why the text is a sermon, and a very weighty one too." I could not always follow his delivery, the loss of his teeth rendering his words sometimes indistinct, and the more so because his pronunciation is peculiar, generally giving *e* the sound of *ai*, like the French. His manner was animated and striking, sometimes impressive and dignified, always remarkable; and so powerful a voice I have rarely or never heard. Sometimes he took off his spectacles, frequently stooped down to read a text, and on these occasions he seemed to double his body, so high did he stand. He told one or two familiar stories, and used some odd expressions, such as "A murrain on those who preach that when we are sanctified we do not grow in grace!" And, again, "I had almost said I would rather see the Devil in the pulpit than an Antinomian!" The purport of his sermon was good; nothing fanatical, nothing enthusiastic; and the Calvinism which it expressed was so qualified as to be harmless. The manner, that of a performer, as great in his line as Kean or Kemble; and the manner it is which has attracted so large a congregation about him, all of the better order of persons in business.

Here is

SOUTHEY'S READING AT FIFTY.

Shall I tell you what books I have in reading at this time; that you may see how many ingredients are required for garnishing a calf's head? A batch of volumes from Murray, relating to the events of the last ten years in Spain; Bishop Parker, *De Rebus sui Temporis*; Cardinal D'Ossat's *Letters*; The Memoir of the Third Duke de Bourbon; Whitaker's *Pierce Ploughman*; the *Mirror for Magistrates*; the *Collection of State Poems*; Tiraboschi, and the *Nibelungen* in its original old German, and its modern German version, the one helping me to understand the other. Some of them I read after supper; some while taking my daily walk; the rest in odds and ends of time; laying down the pen when it does not flow freely, and taking up a book for five or ten minutes by way of breathing myself.

In answer to some remonstrances he writes this

DEFENCE OF THE DOCTOR.

I cannot but smile at your grave admonitions concerning the Doctor, and would give something to have the satisfaction of reading to you the chapters which were written last week. Such a variety of ingredients I think never before entered into any book which had a thread of continuity running through it. I promise you there is as much sense as nonsense there. It is very much like a trifle, where you have whipt cream at the top, sweetmeats below, and a good solid foundation of cake well steeped in ratafia. You will find a liberal expenditure of long hoarded stores, such as the reading of few men could supply; satire and speculation; truths, some of which might besem the bench or the pulpit, and others that require the sanction of the cap and bells for their introduction. And withal, a narrative interspersed with interludes of every kind; yet

still continuous upon a plan of its own, varying from grave to gay; and taking as wild and yet as natural a course as one of our mountain streams.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey.
By AUBREY DE VERE. In 2 vols. London: 1850.

THERE is nothing in the direction of his rambles to make Mr. DE VERE's volumes attractive. He wandered over a tract of country that has been described fifty times before, and there is very little of excitement in his adventures. Yet is this a readable, amusing, instructive, and almost an attractive book. The reason is, that Mr. DE VERE has thrown a great deal of himself into his pages; and personality is always interesting. You feel as if you were by his side: he makes you the companion of his whereabouts. Mr. DE VERE is a scholar and a gentleman, and sees things in their most agreeable aspect; the tone of criticism, whether upon persons or things, is refined; his emotions are shared by the reader, and even his tastes come to be sympathized with, before we have gone along with him through many chapters. His great fault is over-elaborate description; he labours too much to make objects of the eye visible to the mind of the reader, and often he mars his purpose by the means he takes to effect it; for natural objects, as scenery and works of art, as buildings or paintings, cannot by any amount of care be pictured by words. All that language can do is by a short graphic touch to hit off a peculiarity or two, and leave the reader's imagination to fill up the bold outline, which it will do far better, if not with more minute accuracy, than the writer could do: and to nothing is this so applicable as to antiquities.

With this brief criticism let us proceed to exhibit these volumes, as travels only can be introduced, to the readers of a Literary Journal, by extracts. We have no trouble in finding here plenty for our purpose. The difficulty lies in rejection, not in selection.

Mr. DE VERE thus describes

THE IONIAN GREEKS.

In few parts of the world is there to be found so comely a race. They possess, almost always, fine features, invariably fine heads and flashing eyes; and their forms and gestures have a noble grace about them, which in less favoured climes is seldom to be met with, even among the higher ranks. A Greek never stands in an ungraceful position; indeed his bearing often deserves to be called majestic; but his inward gifts seldom correspond, if the estimate commonly formed of him be not very incorrect, with his outward aspect. The root of the evil is now what it was in old times; for the Ionian Greeks are a false people. Seldom, even by accident, do they say the thing that is; and never are they ashamed of being detected in a lie. Such a character hardly contains the elements of moral amelioration. Experience is lost upon it. Those who are false to others are false to themselves also; what they see, will always be what they desire to see; from whatever is repulsive they will turn their eyes away; and neither time nor suffering can bring them a lesson which ingenuity and self-love are not able to evade. The Ionian Greeks are also greatly deficient in industry. They do not care to improve their condition; their wants are few, and they will do little work beyond that of picking up the olives which fall from the tree. These the women carry home in baskets, almost all the labour falling on them, while the men idle away their everlasting, unhallowed holiday, telling stories, walking in procession, or showing as much diplomacy in some bargain about a capote as a Russian ambassador could display while settling the affairs of Europe with Lord Palmerston.

A satisfactory specimen of his power of word-painting is this of

THE RUINS OF MYCENÆ.

After a ride of some hours, we arrived at the ruins of Mycenæ, the most ancient, and in their size and architecture the most wonderful of all Greek remains. The citadel of Mycenæ stood on the platform of a hill, about a thousand feet in length, and five hundred in breadth at the summit; that hill being formed by the converging roots of the mountains as they descend into the plain, and being almost islanded by two mountain streams, which rush from their rocky sources and clasp its base. The walls which encompass the summit of this eminence are composed of stones so enormous that how they were ever placed on that height I cannot imagine; nor was it until I had carefully examined them and observed the scientific precision with which they were fitted together that I could convince myself that they were other than rocks shaped with a singular degree of regularity. One of them which I measured was fifteen feet square, another was eighteen feet by twelve. These prodigious remains embrace an ample circuit, and vary much in their height, which is commonly inconsiderable. The ruins of two gateways also remain, one of which sustains above its portal the most ancient piece of sculpture known in Greece—two lions carved in low relief on a block of green basalt. These lions are apparently the only memorials of an extinct school of art, as Homer's two great epics are of a lost world of poetry. In a position nearly erect they lean against each other, separated by a broken pillar. Whether they had any remoter meaning, or simply expressed the royal power of the Atridae, we cannot learn. When we look upon structures which were ruins in the days of Thucydides we must be content with seeing as much he saw, and knowing as little. There stood those lions ages before the first stone of the Parthenon was laid, and before Peisistratus had collected the poems which celebrated the King of Men; and there, too, lay around them, event at that time, like gods dethroned and wounded on the battle-field, the Titan fragments which we still behold.

There is a charming air of antiquity about

A GREEK FESTIVAL.

In the neighbourhood of the Ilissus I was present at a festival, probably not unlike many which that stream witnessed three thousand years ago. Its office was to celebrate the beginning of Lent, or rather, perhaps, it should be regarded as the closing scene of the Carnival, which was impersonated in the form of an old man, and decapitated, amid many characteristic solemnities, at the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. Nearly all the inhabitants of Athens were present, from the oldest to the youngest, and joined in the jubilee with a sort of fierce and impassioned merriment, such as left an Italian festa far behind, and suggested to me the revels which had in old time wakened the echoes of

Old Bacchic Nysa, Memad-haunted mountain.

The king and queen rode about, with a placidity truly Teutonic, amid groups of peasantry who seldom interrupted their sports for a moment on the approach of the royal pair. They did not even take off their red caps, a want of good breeding which I was sorry to observe; though a few of the nearest pressed the right hand against the breast, and made the profound and dignified oriental bow. The rest danced around in circles—the men with the men, and the women with the women, and exhibited in the winged movements, not only of their flexible limbs, but of the whole body, a combination of native grace and wild enthusiasm, such as can be paralleled alone by the dances depicted on an Etruscan vase. Never before was I so much impressed with the lamentable loss we westerners have sustained in the substitution of our hideous, unmeaning, sordid, and doleful costumes, for one on which the eye can always rest with pleasure, and where numbers are assembled, with delight. The Greeks, who are wholly indifferent to comfort—as we should probably be if we retained anything like their youthful elasticity and purity of bodily health—not only attach great importance to dress, but display a taste in the arrangement of it, and wear it with a grace which adds to the brilliant beauty of such an attire as theirs. On this occasion every one put forth his best. The upper part of the body was covered with a tight vest embroidered with gold; under that

fluttered a white kilt or petticoat reaching the knee; lower down were leggings of every colour in the rainbow, and scarlet shoes. The grave lavender-coloured alopes were empurpled as the revelry swept over them; and, like the steed which glories in its rider, inanimate nature seemed to catch the animation of her beautiful children.

In the midst of the dancers were numberless companies of peasants, seated round their rural feast. Each group had its thick and many-coloured carpet, on which the guests placed themselves, cross-legged, in a circle, and eat, as Homer says, "until their hearts were satisfied." Homeric shouts of "inextinguishable laughter" rose up also among them from time to time; and many a trick was exhibited, and many a wild prank played, but without any admixture of vulgarity. Along the field, and about the tufted banks of the Ilissus, horsemen galloped with a fury altogether indescribable. Sometimes they advanced in a troop, and suddenly breaking like a rocket, dispersed, and scoured the plain in every direction. Sometimes a single horseman darted forward, like an arrow shot from a bow, and passed in front of the charging column, or thrived his way among its ranks with the skill of a skater who describes a figure of eight. They sat far back on their horses, as their forefathers sat, if we can trust the witness of ancient sculpture, and as the cavalry of the East sit to this day; their scarlet caps and golden tassels (often entangled in their long hair) gleaming in the sun, and their white kilts blown across the horse's shoulder or streaming behind. Often they flung javelins at each other, and that with such hearty good-will that the effort not seldom went near tossing them off their little white horses. Those horses had caught the madness of the hour; and though no princess like Andromache had fed them with corn soaked in generous wine, they flashed past us with feet that hardly touched the ground, little sharp heads pointed into the air, and protruding eyes; fleet as the wind, and so light and slender that a wind, apparently, might have blown them away.

In the midst of all this riot, a gaunt old camel paced sedately and pensively with measured steps; now holding his level head as steadily on high as if he were pointing toward Mecca and the Prophet's tomb; now discreetly inclining it, as one who takes gently whatever fortune comes, and browsing on the pink flowers (the silver rod) which abound on the steeps of the Ilissus. Besides this representative of the Ottoman Empire, the ministers of all the European powers were present, as well as most of the travellers at Athens; while numbers of ladies, English, German, Italian, and Greek, established themselves under the shadow of the Temple, a single pillar of which was large enough to protect a numerous group from the sun.

We will now accompany Mr. DE VERE on a visit to

AN ATHENIAN SCHOOL.

I visited, with equal surprise and satisfaction, an Athenian school which contained 700 pupils, taken from every class of society. The poorer classes were gratuitously instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic, and the girls in needlework likewise. The progress which the children had made was very remarkable; but what particularly pleased me was that air of bright alertness and good-humoured energy which belonged to them, and which made every task appear a pleasure, not a toil. The greatest punishment which can be inflicted on an Athenian child is exclusion from school, though but for a day. About seventy of the children belonged to the higher classes, and were instructed in music, drawing, the modern languages, the ancient Greek, and geography. Most of them were at the moment reading Herodotus and Homer. I have never seen children approaching them in beauty; and was much struck by their Oriental cast of countenance, their dark complexions, their flashing eyes, and that expression at once apprehensive and meditative which is so much more remarkable in children than in those of a more mature age.

The Oracles are dumb. Nevertheless it is impossible to read, without profound interest, so picturesque a description as the following, of

A VISIT TO DELPHI.

As we ascended, the air was refreshed with cooler gales from the regions of snow, and with the narrowing

glen the shadows grew more dense. Contrasted, indeed, with the white rocks at the opposite side, and with the small white cloud which was occasionally blown into our ravine from a neighbouring glen (for each glen has its own breeze, which wanders through it as through the tube of a musical instrument), those shadows, dim and watery in all places, lay beneath the projecting ledge, dark as a raven's wing. Here and there we passed chambers excavated in the cliff, with what intent it is hard to say. The larger looked like rock temples; the smaller were apparently vaults for the purpose of interment, constructed perhaps before the Greeks began to burn the bodies of the dead. These small chapels are all of them perfectly symmetrical and almost quite dark. The roof of each consists of an arch in the rock: opposite to the entrance, and at each end is an oblong hollow, excavated out of the stone, and resembling a sarcophagus; and over each sarcophagus the rock is vaulted so as to form a sort of pall. As we drew nearer to the Delphic shrine these monumental chapels became more numerous; and we passed also many cells carved in the rock, and plainly intended for votive offerings. Here and there we came upon blocks of hewn stones, and the substructions of mighty walls; as if the platforms had once been crowned with temples, or as if some race passed away, taking the hint from nature, had converted the symmetrical terraces of mountain and cliff into a more regular architecture.

An hour after we had entered the glen we arrived at the village of Castri, built in the neighbourhood, if not on the site of Delphi. The ancient city breaks up here and there through the new village like round stones in a road gradually displacing the gravel with which they had been covered, or some indestructible religion forcing its way back through younger superstitions. Wandering among its narrow streets, I frequently came upon a gigantic capital pointing its polished traceries through the weeds that had grown over it, or a fragment of a cornice carved as delicately as if it had been an altar. In many places, indeed, the houses were half new and half old; the lower portions of the walls, or at least the foundations, consisting of the ancient masonry, upon which was piled a modern superstructure of pebbles, mud, wood, and straw. The effect was singular, and reminded me that thus also the whole of the domestic and social system of Greece had apparently rested upon the foundation of its great religious ideas; a circumstance, however, by no means peculiar to the Grecian, or indeed to any ancient polity. The situation of Castri, thus nested high among its rocks, much resembles that of a Swiss village seated on some aerial elevation amid its grey ledges and its grassy slopes. The difference, however, is as striking as the similarity, and consists in that marvellous union of luxuriance with sublimity which characterizes Greek scenery. Around Castri, in place of orchards white with apple-blossoms and rough with knotted sprays, was the green and golden lemon grove, with pale yellow fruit and smooth leaves, the younger of them translucent. The little lawns amid the cliffs were waving with anemones (the thinnest floral texture almost that can sustain the weight of colour), not set in orderly array with flax and pans. The breeze, heavy from the orange bower, was met by the healthier sea-scented gale, which snatched a blossom from the almond-tree, or dropped a feather from an eagle's wing upon the breast of the myrtle thicket.

A very short distance further on is the sacred cleft, close to which stood the oracular shrine, and out of which issued that intoxicating vapour upon which Apollo once scattered, as was deemed, the might of inspiration. The cleft is a narrow chasm in the rocks, which in this place very nearly approach each other, and are quite smooth. Its length is considerable; gradually its breadth diminishes; and it is so lofty that the sky seen above it looks like a strip of purple riband. Adjoining this cleft was the temple of Apollo; the face of the rock, at right angles with the chasm, was the inner wall of that temple, and not only retains the mark of the chisel, but is also different in colour from the rest. Its vast tablet is still sacred from weather stains and from vegetation; but its summit and its edges are fringed with yellow flowers, of a kind which I have not seen elsewhere, and of which I carried away a handful as relics.

No other trace of the oracular temple remains. It is gone, with all its sacred treasures and mysteries. We look in vain for the mystic tripod, from which the

Pythia, who had breathed the inspiring vapour, flung abroad her prophecies in agonistic ecstasies that terrified the priests who beheld her, and sometimes deprived her of life. Its shrine no longer contains the gifts of kings, Asiatic or European, or the trembling elliptical stone, supposed to have been the centre of the earth, the spot at which met the two doves which Jupiter had loosed from the opposite extremities of the world. As vainly do we look for the triple serpent of brass, found in the Persian camp after the battle of Marathon, and deposited here for centuries. Yet Delphi has still its memorials, though when you seek the oracular temple, (the heart of the Greek religion,) you find, as on the site of the Eleusinian mysteries, a blank. Such a blank is perhaps not to be regretted: the ardent desire that a visible memorial existed, is in itself a spiritual memorial; and the chief sanctuaries of ancient religion, if obliterated, have at least escaped a worse profanation. That fane, the opening of whose gates each spring shook the ancient world with hope and fear, and sent a tremor of expectation through the hearts of kings, fell, and no one knows when—it slid from its basis into oblivion without a sound, like the nest of the bird that built amid its eaves.

Here is a contrast between

THE GREEKS AND THE TURKS.

The slow and heavy oxen, that commonly draw the carriages, do not differ more from the agile horses of Attica, than do the Turks from the Athenians, a contrast by which I was, no doubt, the more impressed on account of my recent residence at Athens. In place of the merry laugh, the flashing eye, and the elastic gait, there was in each Turk whom I met, an expression of melancholy self-possession, which could hardly have been more pronounced had he been invariably under the influence of opium. In place of billiards or dice, or any active game, the everlasting pipe, long or short, crooked or straight, was the resource of those who had no other occupation, and of many who had. Buying and selling, bargaining and conversing, seemed to be carried on in a state of somnambulism. Pleasure itself seemed a serious thing, and conserve of roses was handed to the customer with an air of heavy sedateness. "Eat," seemed the silent address of the Mussulman, "eat, O true believer, before you die."

We must take a peep at

THE ENGLISH IN GREECE.

From Zante I sailed for Patras in an English steamer; and have seldom been more amused than by the contrast between English manners and those of the islanders among whom I had been lately sojourning. The unceremonious vivacity of the Greeks makes even a lively Frenchman look dull by comparison. Judge, then, of my astonishment when I found myself in the midst of Englishmen, and of Englishmen recently come from home. I could never sufficiently admire their sublime tranquillity, or, rather, that wonderful *vis inertiae*, which seemed sufficient of itself to keep the ship steady in a storm, and which would, no doubt, have made even seasickness a dignified condition. I gazed almost with awe at their smooth-brushed hats, which the Egean breezes hardly dared to ruffle,—their unblemished coats, and immaculate boots, on which several of them gazed more attentively than they would have done at the Leucadian rock. Happen what might, their magnanimous indifference to all chances and changes, not connected with business or duty, preserved them from all astonishment. Had a whale risen close beside us and spouted its foam in their faces, they would, I believe, have contented themselves with observing that "it was not in good taste." To one of them I spoke, by way of experiment, of Sappho's leap and the Leucadian rock. "Yes," he replied, "I have heard that it was the scene of a distressing accident." I must say, however, in justice to my new acquaintances, that they appeared thorough gentlemen. In antiquities they were far indeed from being versed; but in the principles, ancient but ever young, of patriotic duty and honour, they had, probably, little to learn.

We conclude with an amusing

ANECDOTE OF THE SULTAN.

An incident which occurred soon after the accession of the present Sultan, shows that in some respects, at

least, he is not indisposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign, the Ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the Muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone the words "I burn." The next time that he prayed there the same words assailed his ears. "I burn" was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean; and was informed in reply, that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard.

One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue including the chief doctors of the Mahometan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words "I burn," and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the Muftis interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them was found—not a burning Sultan but a Dervise. The young Monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the Dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus.

FICTION.

Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia. London: J. Chapman. 1850.

THE merit of these tales lies in the writing. They are metaphysical novels, intending to exhibit the writer's views of the physiology of the passions. To those views we cannot assent, although we acknowledge the power with which they are expressed, and the vividness of the painting of them in the principal personages of the narratives. *Hearts in Mortmain* is a story, not very artistically constructed, of two young persons who love each other passionately, but who are, by the force of circumstances, prevented from marrying. This is a very common case in real life; and it is equally common to find such persons, under the same alleged influence of circumstances, encouraging others. And so here. But we cannot admit the morality of such a course, however we may acknowledge its prudence; nor do we think that the author has rightly used such an incident as an illustration of suffering virtue. There may be a necessity for putting a restraint on one's own passions, and not marrying; but there can be no excuse for marrying another, and so making four victims instead of two.

But we are almost inclined to forgive the bad morality for the sake of the beautiful writing; and, as a specimen, we take the account given in a letter supposed to be written by the heroine's father to his friend HAMILTON, of the reasons why the lovers could not come together.

I have one wish pressing heavily on my mind concerning Ethel, and you are the friend on whose aid I

rely. I watched the two yesterday, brother and sister only in name, evincing for each other all the fervent and familiar love of that dear relation; and so far I was happy: but when I looked on to a few years, a very few—when I looked upon the beauty of both, the girl's angelic grace, and his almost manly form, for I can call him no longer a boy—then I feared. I trembled lest a forbidden love should start up from among the flowers they innocently played with—lest over all this joy a thunder-cloud should suddenly break. They can never marry. Say not now that it was unwise to nurture them together. It is too late. I never told you, nor should I do so now, but that henceforth you must take my place as Ethel's protector and father (till the time comes when she belongs to another.) The circumstances I am about to relate. To act as I would wish you, you must know all.

That Edward is my nephew, the only child of my only sister, you are aware. The story of his birth and of my poor sister's sorrows has been scrupulously, and, as far as I know, successfully hidden from the world. When she was but a child in years, just seventeen, the evil eye lighted upon her; and he who won her innocent heart, a stranger to us even in name, crossed her path. beautiful in form, noble in bearing, but fallen, like the lost angel, from purity and light to the dark depths of sin, he was at first all that was beguiling, amiable, intelligent, fascinating. My sister and mother lived in the country in perfect retirement; I was occasionally with them, and saw the growing intimacy. A slight acquaintance gave me at once an insight into his character. I knew he was not a man to make her happy, and I spoke of it to my mother; a sensible excellent mother you know she was. She attempted, seconded by me, to withdraw my sister from his society; and then we were told, with a confidence of manner that could not be mistaken, that he was an accepted lover, and claimed her for his bride. Well do I remember the blushing, sobbing creature, sinking on her mother's breast—that mother's look of anguish for one moment, and then her returning self-command: my own rising passion—his pride, his peculiar haughty smile, as he took the poor girl's hand, and she did not withdraw it, though her face was turned away—the scene at this moment is all before me. But I must put the rein on recollection; a nervous hand and aching head refuse to serve me long. He was denied our treasure, and he left us. Afterwards we induced her to write a formal refusal of his hand, and we were content; but she never seemed so, and in a week afterwards she was gone—gone with him. My search was fruitless; but she wrote to her mother that they were married, and going abroad. The letter was hasty, blotted with tears; the post-mark was Dover, but there was no other date. I hurried to the coast—a lady and gentleman answering the description had sailed the day before. I returned to my mother; she was broken-hearted.

In a few months another letter came. They were in Paris, my poor sister ill and sad, and she conjured us to write. I set out immediately to go to her; my mother's health was unequal to the long journey, and I went alone. I found her in sickness and solitude on her bed. Her wasted looks, her agony of tears, her clinging to me as she sobbed and murmured, "I did not expect this!"—it all told such a tale of distress, and I knew my fears had not been vain. By degrees I drew from her the story of the past months: he was from home, and we talked together till the evening shades deepened into night; and as they deepened, darker grew the tale of wrong and grief. Trembling and hesitating, she imparted to me her fears—fears, she said, which had at first arisen in doubts and slight suspicions, but were now confirmed—they were not married. He had deluded her by a false ceremony. It would take me too long now to tell you the long tissue of falsehoods by which the poor young creature was lured on to misery. I could not bear it. I bade her hush, I clasped her in my arms, and wept with her; and then bidding her be calm and try to rest, and saying I would return to her, I rushed from the house into the open air. I felt choking with sorrow, indignation, anger, and scorn for the deceiver. At that moment I saw him approaching. I cannot tell you all that passed. To the torrent of my reproaches he answered with a quiet cold sarcasm that galled me on. He disappeared for a few minutes, and returning, showed me a brace of pistols, and offered me one. In the storm of my passion I forgot everything

of my sister but her wrongs and my revenge. I grasped the weapon eagerly, only replying "At once!" and we walked rapidly away. We fired, and he fell—dead. That night Edward was born; and two days after, I laid my sister in the grave. She knew all ere she died, and she forgave me; yet she shed bitter tears to the memory of one unworthy of her. Women will love through everything. One request sternly and solemnly she made of me, and I gave her in answer a promise as solemn. "I commit my child to your care. Let him have a home with you; if you marry, and if you have children, let him be a brother to them: but," she added, with sudden energy, "the union must be no closer; if it were, a curse would fall upon it. Your hand is stained with his father's blood." Her tones were wild, full of emotion, and have since sounded in my memory as prophetic; and now, when I am about to leave to the care of others the one beloved girl who has grown up with this boy hand in hand, those words ring in my ears, and I shall not die in peace till I know it cannot be. She must give me her promise, her solemn vow, and then I shall die in peace. I wish you to be present, you and her mother only.

Then he extracts from *ETHEL* a promise not to marry her cousin. The promise excites an interest in him which probably would not otherwise have been felt; so they fall in love, of course. But it is kept, nevertheless; and *ETHEL*, loving him, marries a man she does not love. Is this *virtue*? We cannot think so.

Cornelia is a more interesting story. The heroine is the daughter of a man who has taken a mistress, left his wife and children, and subjects them to every species of indignity and ill-treatment. The little *CORNELIA* is put out to nurse at Pau—is reported to have died—her parentage is forgotten—she becomes, by a novelist's privilege, the companion of Mrs. SANDFORD, her father's wife; and her brother falls in love with her. But the rest of this charming story we must recommend our readers to obtain by perusal of the volume, which abounds in the most beautiful and graceful composition; a better specimen of which could not be adduced than the following scene at the opening of the tale:—

One evening in autumn, at Pau, in the Pyrenees, and in one of the houses usually occupied by the English residents there, four persons, composing what we should call in England a family group, sat listlessly watching the twilight deepen into night. A lady, still beautiful, but with lines of premature age on her brow, and soft hair streaked with grey, leaned her arms upon a little table by the window, and gazed up to the darkening sky, where the stars were just appearing. Every now and then she suddenly turned, with an air of anxiety, to watch the movements of a little child, a girl, who was creeping on the floor after a ball, laughing to itself, and exploring every corner, under chairs and tables. In one of these corners, apart, sat a boy of perhaps fifteen years old, his hands resting on his knees, his eyes fixed first on his mother by the window (with an expression difficult to describe, for it was something in which pity, admiration, and grief were mingled), then turned upon his father, who was sitting over a fire newly kindled, and crouching over it with a starved, uncomfortable look. The gaze which the boy fixed upon him was terrible: all the softness in his eyes, when he looked on his mother, fled; yet there came no flash of anger, but a steady, dull look of hatred and contempt—an unutterable scorn—a defiance, not wild, revengeful, or sudden, but fixed even to solemnity. The lips were pressed together, the nostrils expanded as with deep drawn breath, the hands, though apparently resting on the knees, clasped them tightly, with an action of determination and power. And all was quite silent save now and then the crowing laugh of the little child. The father sat over the fire: as if in contrast with the demeanour of the son, his attitude was that of careless relaxation; he gazed vacantly on the kindling flame, and addressed neither look nor word to those around him.

He was near fifty years of age, tall, full in figure, powerful and handsome—so you would say at the first

glance: the forms were those of beauty, the expression was that of the mind and heart within. He had that day given way to one of those violent fits of passion common with him, and fearful to behold. Traces of the storm that had swept over the surface were visible to familiar eyes; the air of weariness, the restless glance, the look of troubled indolence.

Suddenly the little child knocked its head, and screamed aloud. He turned angrily, and said in a loud voice, "Be quiet!"

The mother started up, but the boy was already on his knees beside the child, soothing her in the softest manner. The lady resumed her seat, and her air of abstraction.

"Come with me," said the boy to his sister.

"No, no;" and she ran after her ball again.

He returned to his seat, and all was as quiet as before.

But soon the unwary child was at fault again; though some instinctive feeling seemed to keep her from approaching her father, she crept to the other end of the fireplace, and put her hand, to steady herself in rising, upon one of the heated fire-irons. She screamed again, louder than before, but more piercingly rose the mother's shriek, as she saw the father's powerful arm, with returning passion, seize the child—seize, strike it, and dash it down again upon the floor with brutal violence;—there it lay—it screamed no more—a moment of awful stillness: then the mother, shrieking, "He has killed her!" gathered her child to her bosom, and rushed from the room. She was followed by the boy—he had not stirred from his seat, but his eye had flashed, and his hand was clenched. He followed her to her bedroom, where she had laid the child down, and bathed its head with cold water. It was only stunned, and, reviving, cried again.

"Mother!" said the boy.

She started, not knowing he had followed her.

"What?"

"I curse him for a murderer!"

She shuddered. "Hush! hush! oh, my son! May God forgive us all!"

"Forgive us all! What have you done—what have I done—what has this baby done? What do you talk about being forgiven for?"

She made no answer.

"I don't understand it," he said doggedly. "I have heard that God is good, but I don't believe it."

Still she replied not, except by a deep sigh, or rather groan, and she sunk on a chair beside the bed. He stood gazing on her.

By a strong effort she roused herself, and said calmly, "Don't talk now. Leave me. You know we are going away to-morrow. Let Wilson have all your things to pack."

He did not hear her last words. He ran down stairs, out of the house, into the open air, and they did not see him again that night.

The mother put on her cloak and bonnet; again took her child to her bosom, and she, too, left the house.

Marmaduke Lorrimer. A Novel. By JOSEPH MIDDLETON, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

MR. MIDDLETON is no common place writer. He has capacities for fiction which will one day distinguish him, if he cultivate them with the care they deserve. There is a great deal in this novel which *THE CRITIC* can approve—lively and graphic description, dramatic dialogue, exciting incidents, and an amusing plot. We do not discover much novelty in any of the characters; we have met all of them many times before, in the circulating libraries; but novelty is the last achievement of the novelist, because the most difficult, and although it adds vastly to the value of a tale, and brings it within another and higher class, it is not so indispensable but that with other accessories, well done, a very interesting fiction may not be written. MR. MIDDLETON has drawn the country life of a Yorkshire squire with great truth and spirit, and the scenes into which he takes us, especially on the turf, could

only have been painted by one to whom they are familiar. MABEL MORTON, the heroine, or rather one of the heroines, has more substance and reality about her than is usual with heroines, who are not unfrequently the dulllest persons met with in fictions. The composition is flowing, and sometimes powerful; the descriptions are always full of colour, and convey distinct ideas to the reader's mind. CAPIAS, the attorney, is skilfully painted, but he is the conventional and not the actual attorney, perhaps what attorneys were rather than what they now are;—the character has been taken from the stage and not from real life. Occasionally Mr. MIDDLETON indulges in sensible reflections, when naturally suggested by the situation; but these are never thrust forward offensively, nor do they impede the march of the story. At the conclusion he indulges in some comments upon marriage, which he pronounces to be "indeed a lottery; not necessarily, but made so by the rash and imprudent conduct of the parties contracting it." But we recommend our readers to seek the rest of his excellent advice in the pages of the book itself, which, we can assure them, is much superior to the average of the novels of the season, and will be very agreeable reading during the sea-side visit which every body will make in August. It will help pleasantly to kill the season of *pleasure*, as the world mockingly terms the dulllest season in the whole year, when people expect to be happy by emancipating themselves from all their occupations. Welcome, at such a season, to thousands who have not the courage to confess the truth, will be a novel that will, for a time at least, turn away their thoughts from themselves and the little circle about them, equally discontented and equally dull.

Petticoat Government. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

AUNT BARBARA will take her place by the side of the immortal *Widow Barnaby*. She is the impersonation of a managing, contriving, woman; her sway, the *beau ideal* of petticoat government. Entrusted by the Lord-Chancellor with the guardianship of a wealthy heiress, she borrows the authority of his lordship on all occasions, cites him as confidently as he will be cited in the reports, and evidently deems herself a sort of expansion of the dignitary—a she-Chancellor armed with the power and importance of the Court. How she contrives to manage and govern her ward, the sensitive, proud, and wilful JUDITH, and the consequences, somewhat unforeseen, which resulted therefrom, must be sought in the novel itself, which everybody will read, of course, because it is by Mrs. TROLLOPE, but which, in this instance, really deserves to be read on account of its intrinsic merit.

Another prominent and skilfully drawn character in this fiction is Dr. WROUGHTLEY, who, beginning life as a poor curate of a small parish in the North of England, had bowed, smiled, flattered, and manœuvred himself into a good fat rectory, and who seeks to share with AUNT BARBARA the credit and profit of managing the young heiress and her fortune. This is just one of those personages whom Mrs. TROLLOPE paints to the life, and with such hearty good-will that every stroke tells; and she brings out the dark shades, in the resolute adhesion to the proverb that a certain gentleman is not so black as he is painted. Over the domineering but somewhat shallow BARBARA the Doctor obtains an influence that is the machinery of the story.

Mrs. CHILBERT is another TROLLOPEAN portraiture, the art of which lies in bold touches that throw out character more prominently than any amount of miniature labour.

How the wealthy ward discovers some poor relations—how one of these poor relations becomes an artist of ability and fame—how he loves JUDITH and is beloved by her—how, in this passion for FREDERICK she is rivalled by the beautiful, accomplished, and high-born Lady AUGUSTA, who plots their severance by unworthy arts of depreciation—and how, in the end, she is defeated,—and how truth and justice prevail, and virtue is rewarded, and constancy is crowned with bliss, and all that sort of thing, more common in novels than in real life, we leave the reader to glean from the volumes, which will pleasantly charm away the dullness of a rural or sea-side retreat, and be a faint substitute for the excitement of the season that has closed.

Mrs. TROLLOPE appears in this novel to have recalled the most vigorous days of her genius. *Petticoat Government* is almost equal to the best of her performances. The authoress is herself again.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind; an Autobiographical Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, London: Moxon. 1850.

THE *Prelude* was begun in 1799, and completed in 1805. It was intended to be an *Introduction* to a grand philosophical poem, to be entitled *The Recluse*, which WORDSWORTH had designed to be in three parts, of which only one, *The Excursion*, was accomplished. Consequently, this preface, or prelude, was laid aside, to await the ending of an enterprise continually deferred, because it was too great for execution, as, probably, it would have been too ponderous for popularity; and it was only when death destroyed the last faint hope that the vast figment might, in some happy fit of inspiration, be resumed, that it has been determined to give to the world the Preface to the incomplete scheme.

But what a preface! It consists of no less than fourteen books! In itself, and of itself, a grand work! It needs nothing to perfect it. It is a whole by itself. It is much more of an independent poem than *The Excursion*, for it has a definite purpose—a distinct plan—a beginning, a middle, and an end; which cannot be said of the other.

The Prelude is, as it is termed in the title-page, a poetical autobiography. But it is not merely a chronicle of events—a narrative of adventure. It is a portraiture of the growth and development of a poet's mind. Beginning with his earliest recollections, it traces the history of his thoughts and feelings up to the period of its composition, when he was yet glowing with the ardour of youth. His infancy and school days are described in two books; two are devoted to his life at the University; two to a residence in London, after quitting college; three to a subsequent residence in France, during a portion of the most stormy period of the revolution; five depict the struggle between his love of nature and his desire for society and the honours of the world; and the fourteenth and last shows how that struggle ended, and the peace of mind that succeeded.

Here is a range of subjects which could not fail to inspire a genius so peculiarly qualified to treat of them as that of WORDSWORTH. That

genius was *reflective*. All nature to him had a soul; and he heard voices, and saw motions, and felt sympathies, which are not recognised by those whose minds are full of the business of life, and whose tastes have not been trained to intimate intercourse with natural objects. He has himself described his love of nature as "a passion;" he "felt the might" of the mountains, valleys, hills, and groves.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Thus he sings in later years, and that spirit is seen vividly flashing throughout the pages before us. As a whole, *The Prelude* may be esteemed his greatest work, abounding in passages as fine or finer than anything of his that the world has hitherto enjoyed. It is not our purpose now to enter upon an analysis of his powers, or a critique on his genius, but merely to introduce this posthumous poem to our readers, to whom the name of WORDSWORTH will be a sufficient recommendation. We will not longer detain them from that which will be far more interesting than commentary—a few of the passages that have most pleased us.

How excellently is described this

INCIDENT OF BOYHOOD.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unlocked her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Listen now to

BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

I heard,
After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light and dark,
A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere near
My threshold,—minstrels from the distant woods
Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,
With preparation artful and benign,
That the rough lord had left the surly North
On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,
"Ye heartsome Choralists, ye and I will be
Associates, and, unscared by blustering shades,
Will chant together." Thereafter, as the shades
Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume
Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,
Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen
Through a thick forest. Silence touched me here
No less than sound had done before; the child
Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,
Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir
Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

Thus he depicts the

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

If this be error, and another faith
Find easier access to the pious mind,
Yet were I grossly destitute of all;
Those human sentiments that make this earth
So dear, if I should fall with grateful voice
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was born.
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires,
The gift is yours; if in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That falls not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts! tis yours,
Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed
My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

There is not in the whole range of British
poetry a more perfect description than this of

SKATING.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase,
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare,
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

These are some recollections of

A POET'S RAMBLES.

Among the favourites whom it pleased me well
To see again, was one by ancient right
Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills;
By birth and call of nature pre-ordained
To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
Among the impetuous crags, but having been
From youth our own adopted, he had passed
Into a gentler service. And when first
The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
The fermentation, and the vernal heat
Of poesy, affecting private shades
Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used
To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
Obsequious to my steps early and late,
Though often of such dilatory walk
Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
A hundred times when, roving high and low,
I have been harassed with the toil of verse
Much pains and little progress, and at once
Some lovely image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea;
Then have I dashed forwards to let loose
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Caresing him again and yet again
And when at evening on the public way

I sauntered, like a river murmuring
And talking to itself when all things else
Are still, the creature trotted on before;
Such was his custom; but when'er he met
A passenger approaching, he would turn
To give me timely notice, and straightway,
Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air
And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced
To give and take a greeting that might save
My name from piteous rumours, such as wait
On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

At Cambridge he thus finely writes of
his intercourse with the great society of the
dead—the haunting spirits of the place.

Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly. I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,
That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be
The more endeared. Their several memories here
(*Even like their persons in their portraits clothed*
(*With the accustomed par of daily life*)
Put on a lovely and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade;
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!
Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single; *uttering odious truths—*
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard!
Be it confessed that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour or since. Then, forth I ran
From the assembly; through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind
The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove
Of the plain Burgiers, who in audience stood
On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the peeling organ. Empty thoughts I
I am ashamed of them; and that great Bard
And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.

Here, again, is a passage, the authorship of
which might have been recognised instantly
had it not been named.

LOVE OF NATURE AND MAN.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of delicate Galesus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdman, and his snow-white herd
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream
Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd lived
As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows
Of cool Lucretia, where the pipe was heard
Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
With tutelary music, from all harm
The fold protecting. I myself, mature
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract
Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,
Though under skies less generous, less serene:
There, for her own delight had Nature framed
A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level pasture, islanded with groves
And banked with woody risings; but the Plain
Endless, here opening widely out, and there

Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home
Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides
All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
His flageolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly life resounding far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space
Where passage opens, but the same shall have
In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlabourious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl
For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,
When through the region he pursues at will
His devious course. A glimpse of such sweet life
I saw when, from the melancholy walls
Of Goelar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wild campaign.
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,
And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge,
Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,
Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,
Powers of my native region! Ye that seize
The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows and streams
Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds
That howl so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes!
There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long
To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering caves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead bears
A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourishment
Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring
Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,
And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs
Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home
At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun
Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat
Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
And breakfasts with his dog. When they have stolen,
As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now his feet
Crush out a livelier fragrance from the flowers
Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill entwined
In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he hies,
His staff protending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged streams.
Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what he does
Or sees in his day's march; himself he feels,
In those vast regions where his service lies,
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labour interchanged
With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man. A rambling school-boy, thus
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was there.
When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he stepped
Beyond the boundary-line of some hill-shadow,
His form had flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height! Like an aerial cross
Stationed above upon a spirey rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus was man
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature; hence the human form
To me became an index of delight,
Of grace and honour, power and worthiness.
Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more exalted far;
Far more of an imaginative form
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour,
In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
With the most common; husband, father; learned,
Could teach, admonish; suffered with the rest
From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear;
Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt.

In a different strain is a sketch of

A FASHIONABLE PREACHER.

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fall
To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt
Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths delivered thence by tongues
Endowed with various power to search the soul;
Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place!—
There have I seen a comely bachelor,

Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze
A minut course; and, winding up his mouth,
From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelid, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.
Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars
And Ossian (doubt not, 'tis the naked truth)
Summoned from streamy Morven—each and all
Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and flowers
To entwine the crook of eloquence that helped
This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,
To rule and guide his captivated flock.

Here is a picture of

LONDON.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain
Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving things!
Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—
On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafening din;
The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman's honours overhead:
Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints;
There allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud!
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair
Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vendor's scream, belike
The very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps;
Conducted through these labyrinths, unawares,
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'Tis one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military Idler, and the Dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub,
See, among less distinguishable shapes, [where
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrills his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough;—the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no unthinking mind.

Lays of the Revolutions, and other Poems. By the
Rev. JOHN JEFFREY. Edinburgh: Menzies. 1850.

The Garland; or, Poetry for Children and Youth.
London: Groombridge and Sons. 1850.

Fun, Poetry, and Pathos; or, the Cornucopia. By
WILLIAM Y. BROWNE. London: E. Wilson. 1850.

A Vision of Great Men, with other Poems and Translations from the Poetesses of Germany. By CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY, Author of "My Souvenir," &c. London: Newby.

It is always with a sigh that we set ourselves to the task of reviewing a new batch of books of poetry; for with how much hope are they not freighted, and with how much of disappointment. The four volumes now before us represent an amount of labour which, well applied, might have produced most profitable results both to mind and pocket, but which, thus expended, have been worse than wasted, because their consequences are to be found in wounded vanity, that most painful of inflections to oneself, and disturbed temper, that worst of vexations to others. It is truly wonderful that persons, not below the average in intelligence, should so far mistake their capacities as to suppose that the metrical inanities which they commit to the printer should ever, for a moment, attract the ear of the world, or be read, much less applauded, by any out of the immediate circle of acquaintances, who probably applaud with one side of the face, while the tongue is thrust derisively into the other cheek. Let young poets, or rather *would-be* poets, who mistake *aspiration* for *inspiration*, place no reliance on their own valuation of their own verses, nor on the flattery of friends, but send them to a stranger, and ask his honest opinion, and, having obtained it, abide by it. So shall they save themselves much mortification, and probably exchange for a scribbling life, useless to themselves and to the world, a life of practical business, in which an excellent tradesman is made out of materials that would have composed a very sorry poet.

So much for the multitude of volumes of minor poems which every month sends forth to supply the butter-man and the grocer. Let us now peep into the four latest arrivals named above.

Lays of the Revolution is characterised by a fatal facility of rhyme, which probably concealed from the author the poverty of his thoughts. He is not without notions of poetry, rude and fitful, but still gleaming here and there. The *Revolutions* of '48 supplied themes, and he has sought to turn them into song. But the event has sadly falsified Mr. JEFFREY's prophecies.

The Garland possesses the great recommendation of not being original. The editor has gleaned from the true poets of the English tongue the choicest of their compositions, fitted for children to learn or read. Excellent taste has been shown in the selection.

Fun, Poetry, and Pathos is of a better class; there is some poetry here, and some prose too; but, strange to tell, the verse is better than the prose, and the poetry and pathos are more genuine than the fun. The author can write, and will have no need to preserve his incognito. He has no cause to be ashamed of this, his first appearance, as two or three extracts will prove. Thus,

TO JESSICA.

Wouldst thou be happy?—wouldst thou bear a heart,
Small for the bliss it beats with, and an eye
Lucid as summer airs that lightly part
A floor of ocean from a dome of sky?
Wouldst thou the streamlet sip, nor count it homely;
Listen to simple tunes, yet give them praise;
Trace in created forms the pure and comely,
And drink in all their choiceness at a gaze?
Oh, follow hard, then, in the track of truth!
Labour contented, conquer self, and thrive;
Silver old age, and ruby-tinted youth,
Alike will charm us if we always strive;
For what can then of sadder hours remind us,
Ah! who shall then from calmness bid us stray,
Unweave in scorn the holy spells that bind us,
Or take the rich romance of Life away?

And here is a poetical description of

SUMMER.

See! morn's gay streaks round yonder eastern hill
Shoot up, announcing the approach of day;
The op'ning clouds with radiance seem to thrill
As forth they stand in fanciful array;
And as th' ascending steeds make fiery way,
Straining up heaven's hollow vaultage blue,
A thousand birds their grateful tribute pay,
The little lambskins gambol in the dew,
And Nature seems revived and come to life anew.
Now Sol, half quit of his diurnal feat,
Reins living warmth, and, onsted from the plains,
The listless shepherds seek some cool retreat,
And darkling pipe their sweet mellifluous strains.
To glassy pools, thick groves, or shadowy lanes,
The flocks, and herds, and chirping birds retire,
At rest, and universal stillness reigns,

For languishment all living things inspire;
Toil droops his aching arm, and Fancy tunes her lyre.

Fantastic shadows fall—'tis evening calm;
Now merry swains forget their labours past;
The copes ring with sport, and breathing balm
The pudent zephyr yields a gentle blast.
Prone down the sky, his glories all amassed,
The reddening sun descends, and with his ray
Dyes the piled clouds, an amphitheatre vast!
Then sinks, slow lessening, from the sight away,
And soon the landscape's livery fades from gold to grey.

Now quiet Earth is wrapt in shades of night,
And Nature seems herself to be asleep,
Save where the moonbeams fall with temp'rate light,
And twinkling stars from heaven's high bosom peep,
Or nightingales their lonely vigil keep.
Chanting of love in brake, or bush, or bower;
No other sound is heard the air to sweep,
Till the swung bell, from yonder steeple tower,
With heavy brazen boom proclaims the midnight hour.

As a specimen of the humour of the volume take the

EPITAPH;

Written for himself by a poor, penniless, rheumatic, merry
devil of a poet; for many years an intimate acquaintance
of mine, but who died in his twentieth year, helpless and
unappreciated.

Here lies the sport of Nature—on whose head
Descended all the Dame's capricious spite—
A youth who on the fruits of Fancy fed
Till he for Reason lost his appetite.

Who rioted in rich *Ideal* joys—
Who dreamt of bliss unspeakable—untold—
Who limped with chilblains, just like other boys,
And snuffed salad, when he caught a cold.

Him Nature gifted with poetic fire,
And prompted on to win immortal bays;
Then, smiling, placed him in Oblivion's mire,
Obscure and sad to grovel out his days.

Benevolence she lent—a copious share—
To sympathise with every wretch's groan,
Yet left him standing destitute and bare,
Without a halfpenny to call his own:

Gave him devotion to the gentler race—
The quenchless flame that from a spark begins!—
Then stripped his form of each external grace,
Numbed his right arm, and crippled both his shins.

She gave him energy—she gave him power—
To trace the springs of intellectual bliss;
But no defence against Misfortune's shower;
No welcome deafness to the Dragon's hiss!

A *Mind* she dealt him—sensitive and keen—
To mark The Beautiful in earth and sky;
Then turned him from the half-inspected scene—
And wiped his tears away—and bade him die.

Peace to his Ashes! when his earthly flaws
Are numbered up and dwell on, mention still
"He lived endeavouring to deserve applause,
And died unmeriting—against his will."

The best parts of *The Visions of Great Men*—indeed, the only parts worth reading, are the translations from the German. Some of these are rendered with spirit and fidelity, but they have not sufficient continuous interest to attract the attention of our readers.

RELICION.

Echoes of the Universe: from the World of Matter and the World of Spirit. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M. A. Author of "The Cradle of the Twin Giants, Science and History," &c. London: Bentley.

MR. CHRISTMAS informs us in his preface, that the substance of this volume was delivered many years ago in the form of Lectures to the members of the South London Branch of the Young Men's Society for promoting Missions at Home and Abroad; but it has been entirely re-written, and greatly enlarged and improved.

Protesting against the "religious novel," as an unworthy and inefficient means for the diffusion of religious truth, and sharing the other objections to that form of fiction which have been so often urged in the columns of THE CRITIC, MR. CHRISTMAS felt, nevertheless, that some other more attractive shape was requisite for the religious teacher than the tract, the sermon, or the essay. He bethought him that there was above, beneath, and around us, a medium profoundly interesting, through

which a knowledge of God might be conveyed even more satisfactorily than by the most exciting fiction. There was the great fact of creation: there was the infinite variety of the universe; there was the romance of nature, stronger than ever wildest fancy framed; there were the *Echoes of the Universe*, which speak at once to the mind and to the heart. Mr. CHRISTMAS, contemplating these, thought that they might serve the office intended, but not fulfilled, by the religious novel, and that his opinion was a sound one, is proved by the success of the volume before us, which embodies his idea, and shows how the world of matter is associated with the world of spirit, and influences, and is influenced by it.

It is plain that only the fringe as it were, of so large a subject, can be handled in a single volume. Mr. CHRISTMAS has, indeed, opened a field for his genius, which the rest of life, let it be extended to the longest span, would not enable him to investigate thoroughly. But we shall look anxiously for a continuation of the treatise, confident that, as his theme expands upon contemplation, each successive volume will become more interesting, and exhibit loftier claims to the respect and regard of our own time, and to the admiration of posterity.

The plan of the work will be shown by a short outline of the contents. Commencing with Cosmogony and Astronomy, he describes the various theories that have been put forth, and shows the clearness and simplicity of the scriptural history of it, not read literally, of course, but as its meaning may be fairly interpreted. Light is the subject of a distinct chapter. Geology is then reviewed, and the apparent discrepancies between the discoveries of modern science, and the narratives of scripture are satisfactorily explained. The Natural History of the Ancient World forms a delightful and eloquent chapter in which the author revels with characteristic eloquence and power. An exhortation to the cultivation of Science, as an ally of Christianity, and as tending to strengthen the religious sentiment by adding to it the confirmation of reason, and especially its value to ministers of the Gospel, concludes the first part, which is devoted to the *World of Matter*.

The second part treats of the *World of Spirit*—the records of intercourse between divinity and man, reported in the Bible: the various modes of inspiration there narrated: the successive dispensations of God, all characterised by *progress*; the unity of *design* visible in all of them; and the life and history of our SAVIOUR: are the first authentic revelations which we possess of the Spirit World.

Mr. CHRISTMAS then treats of the Angels, so far as the sacred writings have made them known to us, and he compares the Angels of the Bible with those of other religions, especially the Mahomedan; and he shows how inconsistent with themselves are the latter; how the former bear verity in their very aspect.

A chapter is devoted to Demoniacal Possession, and this difficult subject he handles with extraordinary good sense and extensive learning, explaining much that appeared obscure and doubtful. His final chapter is devoted to a consideration of the Immortality of the Soul, in proof of which he brings a mass of evidence from every variety of source, and he narrates the various conjectures that have been hazarded as to the nature of our future life. He is by no means satisfied of the non-existence of ghosts: he thinks that

still the dead do sometimes communicate with the living.

From this sketch of its design, it will be apparent that this volume is one of no ordinary character, and that its interest must be great, howsoever the subjects had been treated. But Mr. CHRISTMAS has brought to his task a highly cultivated intellect, unwearied industry, extensive knowledge and skill in the art of composition, that sets off to the best advantage his vigorous wealth of words. From its nature, it is a book not to be fairly represented by two or three extracts, and therefore we refrain from making any. It must be read as a whole to be understood and enjoyed, and we can with confidence recommend it to our readers as a volume which, once opened, they will peruse to the end, and having read it once, they will be sure to read it again.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Pleasant Pages: a Journal of Home Education, on the Infant School System. Parts 1 and 2 for July and August. Houlston and Stoneman.

THE plan of this book is somewhat the same as that which has made *Joyce's Dialogues* so popular. Instruction is conveyed by conversation between teacher and pupil—the teacher being either a parent or some familiar household friend. The questions are such as an intelligent child might be supposed to ask, and the answer such as, though very young, it could comprehend. The contents are divided into Moral Lessons, Object Lessons, Natural History, History, Geography, and Drawing. Occasionally a diagram or small woodcut is given. We can speak unreservedly of the excellence of this serial as a help to those who have care of the young; and its price places it within reach of all classes.

The Illustrated Book of Songs for Children. The engravings from designs by BIRKET FOSTER. Orr and Co. 1850.

THIS is a series of short poetical tales, beautifully and appropriately illustrated, and occasionally accompanied by very simple music. The book is a *brochure* in its way, and we have seen many that are more unsuited to a child. But it too often goes beyond the comprehension of the very young, as in this song:

TO A BIRD.

In the azure sky,
Over mountains high,
Thy song sounds through air's dominions.
And now thou dost hover,
The blue sea over,
To cool there thy rushing pinions.
Through the sweeping cloud,
Near the torrent loud,
Thou can'st fly o'er the wind victorious;
Or with sudden swoop
To the valley stoop,
Oh thy life, happy songster, is glorious.

This is very pretty in conception, but it is not sufficiently simple in expression. Young children understand what is meant by clouds and sky, but to talk to them of "air's dominions," is very like talking to them of "rushing pinions" when we mean fluttering wings. However, the book contains many little stories more appropriately written than the verses we have quoted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Year-Book of the Country; or, the Field, the Forest, and the Fire-side. By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "The Book of the Seasons," &c. London: Colburn. 1850.

Who is not familiar with WILLIAM HOWITT's delightful *Book of the Seasons*? What family library is without it? Where it is found, what book is so often read and re-read—is so seldom seen sleeping on the shelf? It is a history of the seasons, and at every season it is welcome.

The Year-Book of the Country is a companion volume, completing what its predecessor had

left unsaid. The former treated of the seasons in their succession; this one traces each month and its belongings. The same spirit pervades both of them; the same wholesome, healthy sympathy with nature and natural objects; the same worship of God in his works; the same profoundly religious sentiment; the same absorbing love of the country; the same knowledge of Natural History; and the result is a work equally entertaining and equally instructive, as fitted to be a household book, and to be presented by parents and tutors and friends to young persons, as the most acceptable gift, in the form of a book, which could be placed in their hands.

Very various are the topics here treated of. January introduces us to Skating, Sledging, the Hoar-Frost, the Farmer's Daughter;—February, to the Flight of Birds, the Country Schoolmaster, a Winter Picture;—March, to Mothering Sunday, Nooks of England; Singular Sects;—April, to Old English Flowers and their Associations, Shakspeare's Love of April, Easter Customs and the Old Squire;—May, to the Nightingale, May Day, and the Young Squire;—June, to Strolls in the Woods, Poetry of June Nights, and Whitsuntide;—July, to Midsummer Musings, Bathing, and the Sand-Wasp;—August, to Harvest Home, a Day and Night in the Forest, Burning Gorse, and a Forest Reverie;—September, to Forest Gathering, Hop Picking, Michaelmas, Autumn Excursions, and a Tour in the Edenwald; October, to the Departure of the Swallow; a Trip to Heidenmauer, and other interesting Reminiscences of Germany; November, to the Approach of Winter, the Haunted House in Charnwood, the English Peasant; and December, to Cold Abroad and Warmth at Home, Remarkable Dreams, Warnings, and Providences, the Disasters of Hans Nadeltreiber, and New Year's Eve and its Customs at Home and Abroad.

Such are a few only of the subjects contained in this volume, and they are illustrated by numerous very beautiful wood-cuts, from designs by BIRKET FOSTER. They will serve to show the sort of entertainment to be expected by the reader; and as specimens of the manner of the composition, we select from a multitude that offer themselves, a few passages which cannot fail to please.

The sketch of the Country Schoolmaster, most truthfully drawn, introduces us to the following comical

VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER'S LOVE LETTER.

I happen to have in my possession the actual love-letter of a country schoolmaster, which, as a curiosity, is worth transcribing. The dominie has now long been married to his fair one, who is as pretty a little tartar as any in the country. He writes something in the phraseology of a Quaker; but he is, in fact, the parish-clerk. In copying this letter, whatever any of my readers may think, I alter not a word, except the actual names of places.

Nuthurst, Nov. 1st, 1816.

Esteemed Friend,—I embrace the present opportunity of addressing these few lines unto thee, hoping they will find thee in good health, which leaves me the same, thank my God! Respected P., I have often told thee I don't much like illustrating my sentiments by correspondence, but I write with a majestic air of animation and delight when I communicate my thoughts to one that I love beyond description: yes! to one that is virtuous, innocent, and unblemishable; which has a comely behaviour, a loving disposition, and a goodly principle. And thou the person! charming fair one, which may justly boast of thy virtue, and laugh at others' aspersion. Dear P., when I reflect on all thy amiable qualities, and fond endearments, I am charmingly exalted, and amply satisfied. My senses are more stimulated with love, and every wish gives thee a

congratulation. Amiable P., I've meditated on our former accompaniments, and been wonderfully dignified at thine condescending graces. I, in particular, admire thy good temper, and thine relentful forgiveness. For when we have partook of a walk together, some trifling idea has exasperated my disposition, and rendered my behaviour ungenerous and disreputable. Then, like a benevolent friend, soothed the absurd incensement, and instantly resuscitated our respective amorousness, and doubly exaggerated our beloved enamours. While above all others I thee regard, and while love is spontaneously imprinted in our hearts, let it have its unbounded course. Loving friend, I was more than a little gratified that thou wrote to thy mistress, which was thy duty, for she has been thy peculiar friend, and gave thee competent admonition. She is a faithful monitor, and a well-wisher to thine everlasting welfare. I was absolutely grieved when I heard of thee not being well, and completely fretted that I was aloof, and could not sympathise with thine inconsolatory moments. I candidly hope thy cough is better, and I earnestly desire that our absence may be immediately transformed into lasting presence, that we may enjoy our fond hopes and loving embraces.

My dear, the last Sunday that I was at Bevington, I parted with thee about four o'clock; and I stopped in the market-place looking at the soldiers parading, and harkening the band playing till about six o'clock; then I proceeded on my nightly excursion. I called at the public-house, and was spouting a little of my romancing nonsense, and I instantly received a blow from a person in the adjoining company. I never retaliated, which was very surprising, but a wisely omission. I should not have troubled thee with this tedious explanation hadst thou not been preposterously informed about the subject. Thy ingrateful relations can't help telling thee of my vain actions, which is said purposely to abolish our acquaintance. But we are so accustomed to their insinuating persuasions and ambidexterous tales, that renders them unlikely to execute their wilful designs. Our loves are too inflexible than to be separated by a set of contemptuous oafs.

My dearest dear, at this present time I wish I had thee dandling between my arms. I would give that sweet mouth ten thousand kisses, for I prefer thy well-composed structure above all other secular beauties.

Loving P., I will positively come to fetch thee at the respective period, when we can have a consolable and delightful journey homewards, reanimate our fond and innocent delights, salute at pleasure, and every kiss will sweeten our progressive paths; they will add delightfully to our warm affections, and invigorate us to perform our journey with the greatest facility.

I thank thee for sending thy complimentary love to me, which I conclude with ten thousand times ten thousand respects.

I remain thine ever faithful and constant lover,
S. G.

WILLIAM HOWITT, who resided for some years in Germany, notices the similarity between an old German custom and an old English one—the observance of Mothering Sunday—and it suggests some reflections in which we cordially sympathize.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

It was called Mothering Sunday, because, says Brand, while the Roman Church was the established religion, it was the custom to visit their mother church on Mid-Lent Sunday, and make their offerings on the high altar. So ancient and deep was this feeling, that the epistle for that day, which alluded to Jerusalem, *Mater omnium*—Jerusalem, the mother of us all—Galatians iv. 21, is still retained by the English Church, though the occasion is forgotten.

This feeling of the beautiful maternal relation descended from the church to domestic life; and it became the custom for all servants and apprentices on this day to be allowed to visit their mothers, and carry with them some little presents. They were received with a rural feast, in keeping with the old customs of the day. Beans, in the progressive refinement of living, had given way to peas, and peas to boiled corn; and, therefore, the entertainment of to-day was a dish of excellent farmety.

Why should this beautiful custom have died out with the mass of rubbish which encumbered or defaced the popular festivals of past times? Why should it not be revived, and made a holiday of the heart? Why should not every family on this day still unite, and expect those of its children that are gone out into the world as servants or apprentices—at least, such as are near enough to avail themselves of such a privilege—and make it a day of family reunion and affectionate enjoyment? Why should not the young still be anxious, as we are told they used to be, in different parts of England, "to visit their parents, and make them a present of money, a trinket, or some nice eatable?" And why should not the ancient dish of excellent farmety be set to welcome them on the table?

There is something so beautiful in this custom, that we know of no holiday that can in this respect compare to it. The principle embraces all that is lovely and endearing—all that is purifying and strengthening in domestic life. The love of parents; the expression of reverence for their virtues, and gratitude for all that they have done and suffered for their children; the paternal bonds, and the memory of childhood and youth in the common home—everything that can cast a charm over social life, and cherish the best impulses of our nature, meet in the celebration of this holiday. It were a thousand pities to let it perish for ever out of our usage; it is the very kind of thing that we want in this busy and stirring world.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

We are become too worldly—too common-place—too matter-of-fact. We have stripped life of its poetry—of its simple graces and embellishments—far more than any other nation. All those beautiful customs of gathering and of scattering flowers, which make part of our written poetry, were the actual poetry of the life of our ancestors, and continue so still of the life of our continental neighbours. Nothing is said to have struck Queen Victoria so much as this fact in her German tour. With all our advantages over them, they have this great and real advantage over us—that they devote themselves more heart and soul to family fêtes and family enjoyments. They still throw around those simple scenes of pleasure the poetry of nature. To stroll into the forest together, and have a dance and a simple repast there; to dine under the trees of a village inn, father, mother, children, even to the very little ones, meet with their neighbours, and enjoy music, coffee, and the sight of the young in the dance, while they talk over old times and old affections;—these are with them never-satiating pleasures. Even the bride still goes to church with a wreath of flowers on her head, and even the hearse goes to the grave garlanded with evergreens and flowers.

There is poetry, too, scattered pleasantly about these pages, some of it contributed by that most charming of fresh, simple, natural poets, MARY HOWITT. We cannot resist culling from these one suggested by

COMING SPRING.

In all the years that have been,
The spring hath greened the bough;
The gladome, hopeful spring-time!
Keep heart, it cometh now.

The winter-time departeth;
The early flowers expand;
The blackbird and the turtle-dove
Are heard throughout the land.

The sadness of the winter,
Which gloomed our hearts, is gone;
A thousand signs betoken
That spring-time comes anon!

'Tis spring-time in our bosoms;
All strife aside we cast:
The storms were for the winter-days,
But they are gone and past.

Before us lies the spring-time—
Thank God! the time of mirth—
When birds are singing in the trees,
And flowers gem all the earth.

When a thousand busy hands upturn
The bounteous, fruitful mould,
And the heart of every poet feels
More love than it can hold.

In all the years which have been,
The spring-time greened the bough—
The gentle, gracious spring-time!
Rejoice!—it cometh now!

In June he presents us with a rural diary. Mark, youthful reader, what an observant eye may discover in country walks. Keep such a diary, set down what you have noticed day by day, and you may produce an equally interesting record.

In the midst of the thicket we had nearly trodden upon a viper two feet three inches long, black as ink, which we killed. It would appear that we have in this country two species of venomous snake—the black kind, and the lesser red-brown kind, or adder, found on the sunny heaths. The woodman said that this owed its deep jet blackness to its recent change of skin. Perhaps so; but this was evidently of a totally different kind to the brown adder of the moors. Besides its intense inky colour, and its poison-fangs in the mouth, it had a sting at the end of its tail. The keeper, to whose house we took it, pronounced it of the most venomous kind.

We found a cuckoo's egg in a blackbird's nest. The egg of the cuckoo very much resembles that of the blackbird, but is smaller. The crickets were singing on the warm heath, as on the hearth of a cottage. Turtle-doves were abundant in the woods; they frequent only the woods of the south of England, coming hither from warmer climates; I never saw one in the woods of the Midland Counties. A solitary primrose still lingered, here and there, in the cooler dells of the woods, like a youth's gay thought in the bosom of earnest, ardent manhood.

June 5th.—The Austrian briar, the Guelder-rose, orange-poppies, and Solomon's seal, in flower in the garden. In the fields, yellow rattle and perennial clover. The air of grass fields is delicious now with clover and other flowers. The butcher-birds are noisy—a sign that they have young. The shepherd lads on the downs now, in the fine weather, catch the wheat-ears by a very simple process: these birds, on the passing of a cloud, hurry to the holes in the ground in which are their nests; but the shepherd boys rear up long pieces of turf on the downs, here and there, so as to form little burrows; and the birds, in the bright weather, going a good way from their holes, on the alarm of a lad and his dog suddenly coming amongst them, run under these reared turfs, as the nearest shelter, and so are taken with the hand.

June 6th.—Went to St. George's Hill, near Byfleet. The air delicious after a day or two's rain. A light breeze and most delicate softness of atmosphere. The pine-woods pouring forth their delightful aroma in the sun. The forest turf and the different leaves breathing out their peculiar fragrance. The young oak-leaves now very tender and cheerful. Hawthorn blossom everywhere. The brooms glorious. It was a day which recalled many pleasant days of youth, spent amid youthful friends, to which we look back with a similar feeling to that with which we look forward to heaven. After long experience of the world, its pomps and vanities, its rivalries and ambitious strivings, there is nothing like the enjoyment found amongst intelligent, simple, and loving hearts, where we know that there is affection and sincerity.

Among a number of remarkable anecdotes of *Dream Revelations*, collected in one portion of the volume, is the following:—

THE DUTCH FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

The following singular narrative was kindly communicated to me by a lady of Newcastle-on-Tyne:—

A dreadful storm raged for several days on the coast of Holland. One night, during its continuance, the wife of a fisherman, who lived in a hut on the shore, woke her husband, saying, she had had a frightful dream, in which she had seen a wreck not far from the shore, and that even then she fancied she could hear the cries of distress. The husband listened, but could perceive nothing but the raging of the storm, and the thundering of the billows upon the shore. He therefore urged his wife to sleep again, treating it merely as the excitement of a frightful dream.

The wife, who had in vain urged her husband to take his boat, to ascertain, at all events, whether a wreck really were in the situation she had dreamed of, after some time composed herself to sleep, and again dreamed precisely as before. Again she woke her husband, and

told him her dream, describing to him exactly the spot where the wreck appeared to lie, and the miserably perishing state of the few survivors, whose cries still seemed to ring in her ears.

The husband, who had no inclination to brave all the horrors of this stormy night in his boat, merely on the strength of his wife's dream, positively refused, and treated it all as a mere fancy, caused by the tumult of the storm. The wife, on the contrary, on whose mind the dream had made the impression of absolute truth, and who was a woman of great resolution and courage, and who was quite competent to the management of a boat—as many of these fishermen's wife's are—determined to go out by herself, to rescue these unfortunate wretches, who, she was convinced, stood in such need of help. The man, however, either shamed by her courage, or unwilling that she should peril herself alone in such a hazardous attempt, and finding every effort to alter her purpose vain, consented to accompany her. The boat, therefore, was launched, she directing, according to her dream, the course which they should steer.

Before long, they discovered that the dream really was true. At the point where she had stated lay the wreck, with several human beings fastened upon it—as far as I can recollect, about ten—some dead, and the others in the most dreadful state of destitution and hunger, and consequently, reduced to such a degree of weakness, that their voices were scarcely audible above a whisper; so that the cries of distress, which she seemed to hear, did not proceed from them.

The few survivors were taken by the fisherman and his wife into their boat, and conveyed to their hut, where such assistance was given them as their small means could afford, but which sufficed until better aid could be obtained.

The shipwrecked vessel was the *British Queen*; the captain, whose name was Grainger, was, unfortunately, one of the dead.

Legends of Torquay, &c. Whittaker and Co. 1850.

The author's aim has not been to make a book, but to inform visitors to the delightful neighbourhood of Torbay what are the legends attaching to some of its picturesque haunts, and its ancient buildings. Without pretending to throw any light on history, he has illuminated some of the topics on which rustics love to breathe forth long tales on long winter's evenings, and with which strangers contrive to add amusement to their leisure hours. Three narratives are given in this little volume—"The Mysterious Chamber! a legend of Islam," "The Shipwrecked Mariner; a legend of St. Michael's Chapel," and "The Demon Hunter! a legend of Daddy's Hole." The composition is energetic, but the writer does not always observe the value of correct dramatic taste. Still his little effort will be welcomed by Devon people and Devon visitors.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, for August, treats at considerable length of the most fashionable topics, i. e., Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Chalmers, In Memoriam, the Greek Question, and the Hungarian War. There are also several other articles and some fiction—prominent among them is a Biography of Plumer Ward, and a political tilt with Blackwood.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for August. We are always puzzled to know how to allude in a few lines to the vast mass of matter found in this Magazine.—"Who wrote Shakspeare's Henry VIII.?" broaches some serious doubts as to the origin of this celebrated drama. "A Record of Rambouillet" will please; and the Memoir of Paul Louis Courier is compiled with industry.

The Eclectic Review, for August, has a bold article on "The Renovation of the Corporation of London," in which arguments are adduced, showing the necessity for much reform. "General Pepe's Italian Revolution," "Merivale's History of the Romans," and "The Greek Question," are also remarkable papers. There are beside, "The Religion of Human Nature superseding Christianity," "Southey's Life and Correspondence," "The Literature of Wales," "The Martyrs of Carthage," and "Sheppard's Three Essays."

The Dublin University Magazine, for August, (McGlashan.) This number of the *Dublin University* is varied in its contents; and each article is excellent of its kind. The continuation of "The Gifts of Science to Art" develops many of the wonders connected with

modern inventions. The account in this article of the late balloon ascent in Paris, undertaken with the view of observing certain meteorological phenomena is highly interesting. "Scenes from an Artist's Life in Paris, February, 1848," will be found very agreeable reading; and the eloquent papers on "Æschylus" will be a rich treat to those who are conversant with the works of the earliest and most sublime of the dramatic poets of Greece. The "Mysterious Compact" is concluded; and the "Adventures of Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune," are continued. The "Portrait Gallery" contains a Memoir of Lord Gough, with a very faithful likeness of the gallant veteran. The memoir will be read with much interest, tracing, as it does, the career of one who has occupied so honourable a position in the military annals of the last half century. Some poetry, reviews, and a tale ("Andrew Carson's Money,") possessing deep interest, but verging closely on the limits of probability, complete the number.

The Dublin Review, for June. (London: Richardson.) In addition to the articles on purely religious topics, the June number of this *Quarterly* contains articles on "Guizot's English and French Revolutions;" "The Government Criminal Returns;" "Nineveh and its Remains;" and "Hancock's Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland;" in all of which there will be found much interesting matter. In the article on Nineveh, the reviewer, taking Layard and Botta for his text-book, glances eloquently at the vicissitudes of that city, of which (though it once filled the world with its renown) the very site is not, even yet, beyond doubt established. The article on "Hancock's Impediments" is a highly laudatory notice of that excellent publication. The article on the "Criminal Returns" is evidently the production of a man who has carefully studied a dismal chapter in the book of life, and its perusal will well repay those who wish, without wading through Blue Books, to obtain some insight into the melancholy statistics of crime.

The Messenger, for August (Dublin: Maguire.) This is the first number of a "Monthly Catholic Magazine of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts." It is a strange circumstance that the Irish Catholics have not yet succeeded in establishing a cheap periodical. Numerous attempts have been made in vain, and yet a large portion of the periodical literature of England is written by Irishmen, and (not to speak of such men as SHIEL, BURKE, GRIFFIN, and MOORE) the proprietors of English magazines know what Irish Catholic talent can accomplish. In the publication before us we find some well-written articles on the subjects suited to the pages of a periodical which seeks to embrace religious and literary compositions. The poetry is also much above the usual average of the productions of the periodical muse: in this department will be found a hitherto unpublished poem by GERALD GRIFFIN—an exquisite *morceau*. In the "leader," the editor places before the Catholics of Ireland in eloquent language the claims of Catholic Literature to their support. We wish him every success in his labours, for, though we deal not with sectarian writing, as such, we feel convinced that every creed in every country should possess some literary exponent of its views, easily accessible to the people, and calculated (as in the case before us) at once to foster religious feeling, and to improve the understanding.

The Peoples and Howitt's Journal, seems to rely much upon its woodcuts. There are in this number engravings of "Katherine and Petruccio," "The Seasons," by STOTHARD, "Mary Queen of Scots on her way to Execution," and "Beethoven." We would suggest to the proprietor, that fewer engravings better executed would be an improvement.

The Palladium, for August, has a clever review of "In Memoriam," and a searching one of "Leigh Hunt's Autobiography." "Sir Robert Peel" also has a niche in its pages, and Mr. CUMMING's work is noticed with more liberality than some of the London journals has shown its author. But the leading papers of the number are "Agriculture and Free Trade," and "The Struggles and Prospects of Truth." There is much talent in the work, and this second number impresses us very favourably.

Part 4 of *Half-Hours with the best Authors*, completes the first volume, and presents a good month's reading, selected with infinite taste from the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, and including the grave and the gay, poetry and prose, philosophy, history, religion and narrative. There is no such book in our language as this. It is the cream of all other books.

Part 3 of *Pictorial Half-Hours* is one of Mr. C. KNIGHT's singularly spirited enterprises. This part contains twenty-eight engravings, with explanatory text; an hour's amusement for the eye, and a month's instruction for the mind.

The Looker-On, for August.

Part 43 of the *National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge* advances as far as the word Strasbourg. It will be completed within the promised dimensions.

The Catholic Magazine and Register, has six papers of rather less than average merit.

The Ecclesiologist, for August, has several papers on Architecture and architectural specimens, which will be instructive to unprofessional readers.

The Ecclesiastic and Theologian, for August, contains much bigotry and uncharitableness.

Favourite Song Birds, No. 3 (The Blackbird). Edited by H. J. ADAMS. (Orr and Co.) Aims at becoming a popular exponent of the habits and the distinguishing traits of favourite English song birds. We have only to complain that there is not sufficient of the Natural History given—and too much of pretty writing. Still the brochure is acceptable, and it is cheap. An engraving, well executed, and coloured, accompanies each number.

The British Gazetteer, Part 16, ranges from "Hea" to "Hol," and has three maps of Yorkshire, and an engraving of the Liverpool Town Hall.

The Cottage Gardener, for July, is, perhaps, as good a number as we have seen of a work that is far the best of its class.

IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

[NOTE.—Desirous of giving to Irish Literature the attention it deserves, THE CRITIC will devote a department to it under the above title, which will be edited at Dublin, and Irish books for review, &c., should be forwarded to Mr. Maguire, Bookseller, Dublin, for "The Editor."]

(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

Depopulation Illegal and a Crime. By WILLIAM MACKEY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Duffy.

THE object of this pamphlet is to show that the wholesale evictions which have proved such a prolific source of misery and crime in Ireland are not only contrary to moral justice, but are at variance with legal enactments which have never been repealed. Mr. MACKEY traces the course of legislation from 1402, for some centuries, and places before the reader extracts from various statutes, passed to restrain the "dispeopling" of districts. The learned author does not deny that the action of ejectment is sanctioned by law, but he urges that to carry it to an "exterminating" extent is illegal, and may be made the subject of indictment. The pamphlet contains the form of such an indictment. These pages are more suitable for notice in a legal than a literary publication; but they contain much that deserves to be carefully studied by all who set themselves to examine the social condition of Ireland. Admittedly, the state of Landlord and Tenant Law is at the root of Ireland's ills, and he "deserves well of the republic" who adds to the stock of information on a subject which must be boldly grappled with before ameliorative legislation for Ireland can be truly said to be begun. Mr. MACKEY has done this.

Address to the Dublin Geological Society. By T. OLDHAM, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Dublin: Oldham.

THIS "Address" was, according to custom, delivered by the president when retiring from office at the termination of his year's occupation of the chair. It presents a well-told and, in some parts, eloquent account of the progress of the science of geology throughout the world, during the year 1849. It well deserves the attention of those who wish to keep pace with the scientific literature of the age. Mr. OLDHAM's high personal character, and his position as Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin, guarantee the accuracy of the information conveyed, while the manner in which he brings the reader through the examination of scientific details, is well calculated to attract even those who are not versed in the subject of which the learned professor treats.

Justice for Ireland. By ALEXANDER CHEYNE, Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Oldham.

MR. CHEYNE is a warm admirer of Orangeism, and a "good hater" of Ribbonism. In the pamphlet before us, the learned gentleman, therefore, advocates the preservation of the former, and the extinction of the latter. We would advocate the extinction of both, because we are convinced that more real injury has resulted to Ireland from the clash of contending factions, than from any other cause. The author states that his object is to inquire into some of the causes of the insecurity of life and property in Ireland, and to suggest remedies. Than such an "inquiry" nothing could be more praiseworthy; when, however, we come to examine the "suggestions," we find them comprised in the threadbare remedy of an Arms Act, to disarm all

except those who worship "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory." We regret to be obliged to class Mr. CHRYNE amongst those who still linger in the darkness of party.

MUSIC.

The Mountain Rill. Written by R. K. PHILP. The Music by J. F. DUGGAN.

The Nightingale. Written by J. B. LANGLEY. The Music by C. A. MACFARREN. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

These are two of a "Descriptive Series" of Music, to be published at a shilling each, and printed in the best style of the Art. Both words and music are original, and we can say of the latter that it is much superior to the average of that which is provided for drawing-room misses. In *The Nightingale*, Mr. MACFARREN has striven to copy, where practicable, the wonderful notes of the feathered songster, and with tolerable success.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

MDLLE. DE MERIC is engaged for next year at Her Majesty's Theatre. — In addition to the singers already announced as engaged for the Gloucester Festival, which is to commence on the 17th of next month, we perceive that Miss Lucombe, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Lawler, and Herr Formes, are engaged. We apprehend, as regards works to be performed, no musical novelty is to be expected. An alteration has taken place in the time fixed upon for the Gloucester musical festival; it was to have begun on the 17th of September but will now commence on the 10th of that month. — The title of the new opera to be written by Signor Verdi for the early winter season of Trieste is *Stefelio*. — The National Assembly yesterday adopted a bill for the restoration of the censorship on dramatic productions, which was abolished after the Revolution of February. — The second eight-guinea prize for the best vocal composition given by the proprietors of Novello's *Part Song-book*, has been awarded to Miss E. Stirling, of Poplar. — Sadler's Wells Theatre, it is announced, will be re-opened on Saturday next. It is understood that the tragedy of *Hamlet* will be the piece then produced. The company, we are informed, has undergone extensive and important alterations: Miss Glyn is re-engaged, and will appear in several new parts. — The Spanish Government has engaged Mademoiselle Albani as *prima donna* for the Teatro de Oriente, at a salary of 800*l.* per month, on condition that she sings twice a week. La Cerito has demanded 40,000 dollars, or 8000*l.* from the ballet company of the same theatre for an engagement of six months. General Narvaez has presented the celebrated dancer La Fuoco, with a diamond pin worth 300*l.* — Vivier, the celebrated horn player, is at present at Baden, giving concerts, at which Mademoiselle Jenny Lind is singing. According to the journals all the usual amusements cede to the delight of hearing these two wonderful artists. They were to leave in a few days for Liverpool, where they are to be heard prior to Mademoiselle Lind's departure for America. — The honorary diploma of Doctor in Music, awarded by the University of Jena to Meyerbeer, has been presented to him by a deputation composed of five professors of the establishment, having at their head the chief of the philosophical faculty, the celebrated mathematician, M. Charles Schnell. — M. Halévy has contributed to the *Constitutionnel* a warm panegyric on the opera *Giralda ou la Nouvelle Psyché*, just produced by MM. Scribe and Adam at the Opéra Comique of Paris. — The Leipzig Bach Society has issued a prospectus announcing its intention to publish a complete edition of the works of the Cantor of the Thomas Schule. — The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, have lately instituted prizes by way of encouragement to their choir boys. An examination recently took place in the presence of the authorities of the cathedral, which was conducted by Sir George Smart, at the request of the organist. The boys were divided into three classes, and the most advanced in each class received a prize. — On Wednesday evening last a body of amateurs gave a performance at the Soho Theatre, in aid of a fund for relieving the necessities of Mr. George Stephens, — well known in dramatic circles as the author of *The Patriot*, and other tragedies, and in general literary society as the author of *The Manuscripts of Erdesley*. The pieces selected for the occasion were, Shakespeare's play of *Henry the Fourth*, Part I., — the last Act of Mr. Stephens's tragedy of *Martinuzzi*, — and the *petite comédie* of *Time Tries All*. The performance took place under the auspices of a body of literary men and dramatists who are combined to bring Mr. Stephens's unfortunate case under the notice of the public.

ART.

The Art Journal for August. — The engravings from pictures in the Vernon Gallery are, EASTLAKE'S "Greek Girl," and STANFIELD'S "Lake of Como," both charming subjects; and we have been equally delighted with the engraving of FOLEY'S bas-relief of "Grief." This is a very gem of engraving skill. One of the "Passages from the Poets" is accompanied by a woodcut of "The Home of Wordsworth," showing alike Rydal Church, Lake, and Mount. It will be acceptable to WORDSWORTH'S admirers, on account of the many passages in his works and the many traits in the man which it will recall. The letter-press is more than usually varied and ample.

THE WATER-COLOUR GALLERIES.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

OUR space has been so long and so largely claimed by the Royal Academy and other Exhibitions, that what remains to us to say of the Water-colour Galleries comes now almost behind its time, and includes, in some measure an apology to the gentlemen concerned.

The perfection attained by Mr. W. HUNT in his representations of flowers, fruit, and still-life generally, is manifested this year to a degree perhaps even greater than before: and we can only settle down into the belief that it has now become impossible to achieve any more complete success in texture, roundness, pulpliness, and minute beauty. Among so many worthy of admiration we may point out No. 65, *Hare*, Wood-pigeon, &c.; *Primroses* (No. 275), *Grapes*, *Figs*, &c. (No. 281), a prodigy of imitation, *Grapes*, *Apricots*, and *Plums* (No. 333), and *Plums* (No. 343.) Nos. 249 and 262, *A Masquerader*, and *A Female Head*, are well and strongly coloured, and there is a fine feeling of desolation in *The Emigrant's Daughter* (No. 374), conveyed with all Mr. HUNT'S wonted simplicity of incident.

Mr. CATTERMOLE'S ambition in selection has outstripped his executive diligence. *The Scenes from Macbeth* (No. 294 and 318), required something beyond the flimsy sketchiness of treatment here displayed: nor, even on his own ground of romantic invention, is there much to extend his fame in the "Duel" series (Nos. 285 and 299.) *The Sketch* (No. 344), is cleverly handled somewhat after the manner of Mr. HOLLAND.

Two Artists who seem to have aimed at entering a practical protest as well against the simplicity of nature as against the limitations of the means afforded by art towards its realization, are Mr. HAAG and Mr. PALMER — the former with his sunsets according to prescription — upper half red, lower half purple; the latter with an attempt — (need we say a failure?) — at representing sunlight, ray by ray emanating from the orb itself right in the middle of the sky and the picture (*St. Paul landing in Italy*, No. 205.) Mr. HAAG'S best work is *The House of Cola di Rienzi* (No. 270), not free from, but showing qualities whereby it rises superior to, his mannerisms.

The effect of candle-light in Mr. NASU'S *Banquet given by Cardinal Wolsey to the French and Spanish Ambassadors at Hampton Court Palace* (No. 160), is well managed. The Gallery at Aston Hall, Warwickshire (No. 20), is a favourable specimen; as is also, the *Interior of the Hall at Speke, Lancashire* (No. 44.)

Of Mr. JENKINS we cannot say much. His style is familiar to the public, and to see it once is to see it for ever. His choice of subject, always limited, is sometimes pleasing, but more frequently common and insipid. *The Study in a Fisherman's Hut, France* (No. 115), is pretty; and there is a touch more of originality in the idea of "Come in" (No. 69) than is usual with the Artist. Messrs. TOPHAM and A. FRIPP have reached that point of carelessness and indifference to any of the higher purposes of art where the painter no longer laughs in his sleeve at the gullibility of the public, but shows the smile broadly for all men to see, but even yet not to be seen by all. Not one of the works exhibited this year by these Artists but may serve as confirmation of our assertion: above all Mr. FRIPP'S *Wood Gatherers* (No. 53), and *Irish Piper* (No. 90), lower than which we defy him to fall henceforward. *Monks at the Shrine of their Founder* (No. 232), by Mr. RAYNER, though deficient in delicacy of individual character, is satisfactory enough in sentiment: and Miss NANCY RAYNER'S *Boy Feeding Rabbits* (No. 328), and *Gleaners* (No. 104), with its sunburnt country-faces, show much aptitude for this class of subjects. Mr. DUNCAN'S *Hoop-shaving, Bridboro', Kent*, is also agreeably treated.

Mr. MACKENZIE'S three architectural works are solidly good, showing conscientious care, knowledge, and sufficient artistic feeling to redeem his subjects from the category of mere material copyism, without

at the same time falling into the commonplace of picturesqueness. The subdued colour in No. 91, *Lincoln Minster, from the N. W.*, the mass of trees' tops in No. 105, the same from the S. W., and the solemn quiet of *Stow Church, Lincolnshire* (No. 237), are thoroughly felt in their appropriateness. How much more true in its appeal both to perception and sentiment is this precise, but not unintelligent, rendering than the self-repeated groupings, and clean-scraped architecture subjects of Mr. PROUT, from whose well-known hand we have the usual sprinkling of sentimentalisms.

In Mr. BRANWHITE'S landscapes, *Near Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales* (No. 26), and *A Dull Day in January* (No. 146), there is a certain opaque sharpness of touch which speaks too much of peculiarity: but the scenes are conceived with a completeness and in a poetic spirit that will be found in but few other works. *Seaford Cliffs, from Newhaven, Sussex* (No. 113), by Mr. COPLEY FIELDING, is remarkably fine in atmosphere, characteristic of one of those bright days when the eye reaches to a distance not usually attainable in our English climate: and there is an equally well-rendered sense of heat in the *View of the Vale of Irthing, Cumberland* (No. 105.) Several of Mr. GEORGE FRIPP'S contributions merit praise, and there is in all a feeling of quiet secluded beauty and freshness. Of these No. 120, *A Study on the Thames, near Medmenham*, and No. 264, *On the Coast of Dorsetshire*, are the most striking. The works of Mr. NAFTAL, chiefly views in Guernsey, are among the best in the exhibition: showing perfect mastery of hand, judicious choice of subject, facility restrained by care, and touched in a bright precise manner pleasing to the eye. There is a lucid showery look in the *Church Pool, Bettws-y-Coed*, (No. 95), rendered with not less sentiment than accuracy: the *Entrance to the Water Lane, Moulin Huët, Guernsey* (No. 75), is an admirable design, full of well-considered detail: and the same may be said of No. 60, *Cottages near Bordeaux Harbour, Guernsey*. We think Mr. NAFTAL will do well, however, to guard against his own cleverness: or he may be betrayed into a kind of square sketchy touch somewhat similar to Mr. JUTSUM'S manner, but which remains as yet only a tendency. A pretty, sunny piece by Mr. FISCH, *A Garden* (No. 144), with female figures nicely introduced; *Dalgatlie Church, Fifeshire*, (No. 127), by Mr. F. NASU, solemn in effect; a good study of ordinary nature, *Rustall Common, Tunbridge Wells* (No. 175), by Mr. W. W. SCOTT; and a very small, but not insignificant, sketch by Mr. WHICHELO, *Scene on the Thames near Putney*, claim to be classed among the best of the works not previously noticed. Mr. ROSENBERG'S *Hock-glass, Raisins*, &c. (No. 352), is of a degree of excellence second only, and that scarcely, to Mr. HUNT'S masterpieces in the same department.

In the new Water-colour Gallery, no artist is more prominent than Mr. EDWARD CORBOULD, both in the number of his designs and the effective telling finish of their workmanship. Strictly satisfactory to the artistic eye they cannot be pronounced; but, in the estimation of the general public they are all sufficient in system, and all accomplishing in result: and indeed extraordinary adroitness and cleverness are not to be denied to them. Of these qualities the most complete example is No. 98, *Maria*, worked with the stipple and delicacy, and up to the aspect, of a miniature, and in other respects also Mr. CORBOULD'S greatest success. *Elgiva in the hands of the Creatures of Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury* (No. 271), is but a conventional, though not ill-explained, reading of the subject. The fact that this artist, with all his surface-finish, does not attain the rotundity of nature in his figures cannot be more thoroughly exemplified than in No. 315, *Florette de Nerac at the Spring of la Garenne*, where the feet and arms are specimens of rounded flatness — a contradiction in terms to which Mr. CORBOULD'S contradiction in fact compels us. His other works are less noticeable, showing in some instances, as in Nos. 56 and 63, marked poverty of intention. Miss SETHCEL'S *Jesse and Colin* (No. 258), is less good than the *Momentous Question*, which obtained so much popularity: and with this criticism, we shall hold ourselves to have said enough of its merits. Mr. WYLD'S chief work, *La Rue Bab-a-Zoum, at Algiers* (No. 161), is highly respectable; but a smaller design, *View near Dresden — Morning* (No. 230), with its aspect of calm heat, satisfies us better.

Mr. BENNETT'S landscapes show, as usual, so much independence and familiarity with nature, that his eccentricities of practice, which would be the condemnation of a less able artist, deserve to be matter of regret. *Sunshine and Shade* (No. 182), is among the best and most truthful of his contributions; No. 59, *A Road through the Forest*, the very perversity

of crudeness. *Richmond Park* (No. 140), and *The Skirts of a Wood—Cloudy Day* (No. 189), have excellent points. We are frequently reminded of DAVID COX by the dull brown colour and other pervading characteristics of Mr. BENNETT.

Mr. MCKEWAN, in aiming at peculiarity of effect, is not sufficiently on his guard against mannerism and excess; but there is a degree of poetry perceptible in *The Worm's Head, Rhosili, North Wales* (No. 7), and *Snowdon, North Wales* (No. 85), spite of the cobalt rocks on which he has relied. *Evening in the Valley* (No. 190), is treated on a scale of largeness where so inexact a study of Nature becomes offensive.

There is great excellence in many of the landscapes of Mr. DAVIDSON, an artist who bestows more care, and achieves more truthfulness in his skies, than the generality of water-colour artists. We may instance No. 13, No. 255, *The Village of Sonning*, filled with a sunny light and the freshness of white clouds, and *Earlswood Common* (No. 175), where, however, the sky seems to be falling. There is a tinge of Mr. CRESWICK's feeling in the scene in *Bolton Park, Yorkshire* (No. 57); and, indeed, we cannot specify any one of the artist's works as undeserving its share of commendation. *On the Thames, at Caversham, near Reading* (No. 291), by Mr. PENLEY, is an honest English landscape, somewhat deficient in solidity: in No. 97, *Sunset—Coast Scene*, he has succeeded in giving the subtle sense of a necessary repose, not to be broken. The extreme greenness of water affected by Mr. ROWBOTHAM, as in the *Study above the Machno Falls* (No. 38), *The Bit at Bettus-y-Cod* (No. 51), and the *Sunshine and Shade on a Welsh River* (No. 169), requires some explanation—not being suggestive of reflected verdure from the trees, or accounted for on any other assumption. The aspect of plodding weariness is well given in Mr. FAHEY's *Blue-bell Hill, and Kils Cotty House, Kent—Hop-pickers returning* (No. 111); and a general correctness of effect is felt through the slight treatment of No. 80, *Cologne, from the opposite Bank*. No. 144, *Twilight*, by Mr. HARDWICK, merely a blackened purple gorge, No. 252, *The Sands near Brighton*, by Mr. LINDSAY, and some of Mr. ROBINS's marine subjects are worthy of notice.

Mr. KEARNEY's *Digestive Philosophy* (No. 132), a head dull with good living, and not exaggerated—is clever; and he manifests unobtrusive sentiment in No. 20, *"The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day."* Mr. LEE follows in the steps of Mr. JENKINS as regards subject and treatment; and repetition does not enhance the value of a style never very original. *The Petitioner* (No. 118), and *Anxious Thoughts* (No. 250), are, nevertheless, fairly successful. The readers in *Pieté* (No. 34), seem to take pains not to see their book. Miss EGERTON's *Hinda* (No. 113), is not satisfactory; yet there is thought in the anxious face and listless hands. Mr. VACHER's orientalisms are but conventional at best, though not wanting in skill. Mr. CARRICK's *Highland Emigrants—Morning of the Departure* (No. 104), independently of other shortcomings, fails to suggest its subject. Mr. COLLINGWOOD's *Quiet Employment* (No. 213), and *Modern Conversation* (No. 219), are agreeably imagined.

There is admirable painting and character in Mr. HARRISON WEIR's animal subject. The rendering of the ruffled straggling appearance of the cow's hide is particularly happy, in *Morning* (No. 221), where we fancy, however, that the sky to the left is rather descriptive of evening. No. 327, *By a Stream*, is charming; but the rough vigour of the artist's style does not easily adapt itself to the representation of plumage. Nos. 231 and 316 are also capital. Mr. WEIGALL's *Red Riding Hood* (No. 202), is evidently well intended; but the points of character aimed at are not developed with sufficient mastery. *A Council of Owls, from a Study made in the Keep of Arundel Castle* (No. 237), by Mr. ARCHER, shows care, scarcely confident enough, and appreciation of his subject. The manner of working bears some affinity to Mr. WOLF's.

In flower-painting, Mrs. HARRIS and Mrs. and Miss HARRISON show to great advantage, the latter with clearly increasing force and precision: the *Lilac* (No. 300), is exquisitely worked, though perhaps injudiciously large in scale. Mrs. MARGETT's *Still Life* is surprisingly rich and delicate, as the *Goblets*, in Nos. 198 and 206. In this line, she ranks first, while, in the representation of flowers, some occasional wooliness of execution may be objected to.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Dr. WAAGEN has entered into arrangements with Mr. Murray for the publication of a work to be called

The Treasures of Art in England. Dr. Waagen's former publication, *Art and Artists in England*, has been long out of print. The new work will contain extended notices of all our public and private collections of note, and will include critical descriptions of miniatures, missals, and rare prints.—Mr. Labouchere has recently purchased a marble bust of Milton, made, it is said, from the life by an Italian sculptor during the poet's visit to Italy. The sum paid—200 guineas—and the known good taste of Mr. Labouchere, speak in favour of the excellence of the bust as a work of Art and also in favour of its authenticity.—Mr. Physick, jun., the son of the sculptor of that name, has been elected the Academy student for the usual three years' residence in Rome.—About 120 pictures, collected in Italy and elsewhere by Lord Ward, have been placed in the great room of the Egyptian Hall. We believe it is Lord Ward's intention to make them accessible to the public.—A very clever picture, by Mr. Noel Paton, of Oberon and Titania, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is on view at Messrs. Graves's in Pall Mall.—It is suggested by *The Builder*, and on very good grounds, that Kensington Palace might be converted into a splendid National Gallery.—The Exhibition of the Designs for the Medals in connexion with the Exhibition of Industry is closed:—and the designs may be had by competitors on their forwarding to the secretary of the Society of Arts the name inclosed in the sealed letters.—The Queen has appointed Mr. Philip Hardwicke, architect, to be treasurer of the Royal Academy, in place of Sir Robert Smirke, resigned in consequence of continued indisposition.—A private view of the Vernon Gallery and some other pictures of the English School, removed from the National Gallery to Marlborough House, was afforded on Thursday; the public were to have been admitted on Monday but this is now postponed.—Mr. Foley has just completed the casting model for the statue of Hampden, which he was commissioned to execute for the Parliament Palace at Westminster. The defender of taxation by representation is portrayed in his twofold capacity of warrior and statesman, energetic and thoughtful. Although not free from the common defect of English sculptors—the seeking for classic symmetry in a certain rigidity of form and especially of feature, the figure is life-like and the expression is appropriate.—The annual Financial Meeting of the Society of Arts, held on Wednesday evening, closed the session. By the Council's Report and the balance sheet laid before the meeting, it appeared that during the session such an increase has taken place in the revenue that the surplus over the expenditure has been more than 1,100*l.*; large arrears have been discharged, and the Society finds itself with a balance of nearly 1,000*l.* in hand.—*The Liverpool Times* states, that a gentleman well known in Liverpool and Birkenhead for the Oriental cast of his features, while in London lately, was strolling up and down the Strand, when he was accosted by a gentleman, who, after apologising with the utmost politeness for his familiarity, begged Mr. ——— to allow him to take a sketch of his face, as it wore the exact expression which he wished to introduce in one of the characters of a grand historical picture. Our townsman consented, and accompanied the artist to his house, where his visage was quickly traced on canvass. A friend was subsequently anxious to know what the grand painting was in which the gentleman was to appear so conspicuously. He called upon the painter, and requested to be allowed to see the picture. This the artist strongly objected to, alleging that it was against etiquette to show a work of art unfinished, &c. But all his attempts to put him off were unavailing. At length the artist consented, took him to his studio, and there he saw his townsman figuring in a large Scriptural piece as Judas Iscariot.—Much has been said about the King of Holland's Gallery, the sale of which took place at the Hague on Monday, August 12, and following days, but no details have gone forth with regard to its composition. The following particulars may be relied upon as authentic:—The gallery belonged to the late King William II. It is divided into ancient and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. There are 192 paintings by the Old Masters, 162 modern, 370 drawings ancient and modern, and 26 busts and statues—total, 750 items. The Flemish, Bruges, Dutch, German, Spanish, and Italian schools are represented by the most celebrated of their masters—such as Van Eyck, Hemling, Quentin and Jean Metzys, Mabuse, Pourbus, Holbein, Lucas of Leyden, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Murillo, Velasquez, Ribeira, Albano Guido, Cinalatti, Palma Vecchio, Raphael, Julio Romano, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci. Among the painters of the French School are—Charles Armand, Clouet, Claude Gelee, and Poussin. In the collection of modern pictures every country in which the arts are cultivated has been

laid under contribution. Among them are mentioned several interesting pieces by Wilkie, produced in the best days of his subtle and keenly observant talent. Nor has France been forgotten. The names of Brascassat, Decamps, Gudin, Jacquand, Lapito Le Poitevin Ary, and Henri Scheffer, are honourably inscribed in the catalogue of the late King's pictures. The greater part of the original drawings are by Raphael, Rubens, Da Vinci, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Sebastiano del Piombo, Andrea del Sarte, Tintoretto, Caravaggio, and Vandyck.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE OPERA HOUSES have ceased to present *La Tempesta* and *Le Juive*, and have fallen back on old and favourite compositions: full audiences have welcomed the change.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—While the Adelphi Theatre is undergoing a cleansing, preparatory to the winter campaign, the performers of that place of amusement are transferred to the Haymarket. A new piece, called *The Hippopotamus*, was produced on Monday, an affair of practical jokes, with parts for PAUL BEDFORD, Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS, WRIGHT, and "the hippopotamus." It was not successful.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE still continues her readings of SHAKSPERE's plays at this theatre.

STRAND THEATRE.—A two act drama, by SHIRLEY BROOKS, entitled *The Daughter of the Stars*, has been very successful at this house.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

KIRBY, THE ENTOMOLOGIST.

WE regret to announce the death of the Rev. William Kirby, M.A., rector of Barham, Suffolk, at that place, where he had resided 68 years, on Thursday, July 4, in the 91st year of his age. Mr. Kirby was Honorary President of the Entomological Society of London, President of the Ipswich Museum, and Fellow of the Royal Linnean, Zoological, and Geological Societies, besides being honorary member of several foreign societies, and has left behind him an imperishable name as one of the first entomologists of this or any age. This title he would have assured to himself had he written no other work than his "*Monographia Apum Angliæ*," published in 1801, in two volumes, octavo, in which, from materials almost wholly collected by himself, and the plates of which were mostly etched by his own hand (having taken lessons in the art for this express purpose), he described upwards of 200 of the wild bees of this country, with a largeness and correctness of view as to their family (or as they are now considered, generic) divisions, that excited the warmest admiration of British and foreign entomologists. But when to this great work we add his other entomological labours—his numerous and valuable papers in the "*Transactions of the Linnean Society*," the "*Introduction to Entomology*," written in conjunction with Mr. Spence; the Entomological portion of his *Bridgewater Treatise* "*On the History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals*," and his description (occupying a quarto volume), of the insects of the "*Fauna Boreali-Americana*" of Sir John Richardson; it will be evident how largely and successfully he has contributed to the extension of his favourite science; and all this without encroaching in the slightest degree on his professional or social duties, for, while ranking so high as an entomologist, he was during his long life a most exemplary and active clergyman, beloved by his parishioners of all ranks, and one of the warmest of friends, and most simple-minded, kind-hearted, and pious of men.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE most remarkable of the new books are *Stella and Venessa*, Mrs. Cooper's *Rural Hours*, and Dr. Knox's *Races of Men*. There is also a second volume of *The Life of Chalmers*, and a second series of Mrs. Jameson's *Illustrations of Monastic Legends by means of Monastic Art*—both of which have already received warm praise in our columns.—Messrs. Blackwoods will shortly publish a new work by Miss Agnes Strickland, entitled *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, and

of the English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain.—The Leader states that Thackeray, in *Pendennis*, has given desperate offence to some of the gens-d'armes of the Press (whom Balzac proposes to call *Les gens-de-lettres*), by his satirical sketches of the literary profession. "Let the galled jade wince;" those whose withers are unwrung will admit the truth of many pages, and laugh at the caricature in the rest. Apropos! Let us direct attention to an article on the literary profession in the last number of the *North British Review*. It is a subject full of pitfalls for foolishness. It has often been treated—"something too much of it"—and rarely treated with any discrimination. The article we speak of is a noble exception: written with excellent temper, calm insight, sound sense, and real love of justice. All that is said in defence of publishers is generous and true. They have been ridiculed and declaimed against as "tyrants" and "tradesmen,"—made to bear the onus of "poetical improvidence, and to bear the weight of a crime which no author can pardon, viz., the rejection of manuscripts. The authors have painted the portraits of publishers; but ancient fable suggests that, if the lion had painted a certain picture, it would not have been a lion we should see biting the dust!—M. de Lamartine has commenced the publication of a new volume of *Confidences*, in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse*.—The advertising columns contain a list, already considerable though by no means complete, of the subscribers to the proposed monument to William Wordsworth. The subscription amounts to 800l.

The American copyright case—*Murray v. Bohn and Routledge*—has advanced one stage in the Court of Chancery. Vice-Chancellor Bruce on Thursday last ordered that both Mr. Bohn and Mr. Routledge shall keep accounts of what they sell of Mr. Irving's works, pending the removal of the cause to another court, and without prejudice. "The point in dispute," he observed, "was beyond all doubt a very important one, and one which some day must reach the House of Lords:"—adding, that "it was impossible to say that the questions which the case involved were settled." The defence will rest in part on the plea that Mr. Washington Irving is an alien, and on the authority of the case decided in the Court of Exchequer by Sir Frederick Pollock. The claim to the injunction will rest in part, on the plea that Mr. Irving is not an alien; that his father was a native of the Orkneys and his mother a native of Falmouth, and that though he himself was born in New York he is the son of British born subjects, and therefore no alien.—In *La Presse* of last week we actually read, with full details, as a recent occurrence "in the environs of Paris," a version of the well-known story of the "Mistletoe Bough," itself borrowed from the "Ginevra" in Rogers's *Italy*! Perhaps that audacious penny-a-liner will next favour us with the murder of a wife by her husband, which will turn out to be Othello in a police report.—The law journals of Paris have lately been taken up with the indictment against M. Libri, for thefts of rare books and manuscripts committed in various public libraries. The publication *in extenso* of the indictment at this moment is done by desire of the tribunal, as an answer to the assertion of the friends of M. Libri that he was unjustly sentenced. The indictment relates the way in which M. Libri was first apprised of the discovery that had been made. He was at the Institute on the 28th of February, 1848, when a short note from the editor of the *National* was put into his hand, informing him of the discovery, and advising him no longer to disgrace the Institute with his presence. M. Libri took the hint, and withdrew from the Institute, and twenty-four hours afterwards fled from Paris.

A letter from Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, dated June 25, gives some account of the movements of Mr. Richardson, the African traveller, and his companions. They were detained more than six weeks at Mourzouk, waiting for the Touarek escort from Ghat, to conduct them through the unexplored regions of Central Africa. The escort consisted of the eldest sons of the Sultan Shafon and the Shiekh Hatula. The son of the Sultan was to escort the travellers as far as Aheer, at the gates of Soudan. The travellers purpose meeting on the road up to Aheer all the caravans coming down from the interior to Ghat, so that in all probability intelligence will be received of their progress up to Aheer, which is about two months' journey from Mourzouk. The travellers were, up to the date of the letter referred to, in good health and excellent spirits.—The ground in the Park to be appropriated for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 has been formally handed over by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to the Executive Committee, and the contractors are at work in preparing the foundations of the building as finally settled. It is the intention of the inhabitants of Canada to hold a Grand District Industrial Fair in the city of

Montreal, in September or October next, in connexion with the International Exhibition to be held in London in 1851.—Few meetings of the British Association have been more entirely successful than the one just closed.—An American paper says, that a perfect daguerreotype of the star Lyra has been obtained at the Cambridge Observatory. It was produced in thirty seconds by the aid of the great refracting telescope without the eye glass, and is the first successful attempt of a similar kind.—The Ray Society held its seventh anniversary during the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh. Sir William Jardine, Bart. occupied the chair. The Report stated that there were 775 members in the Society,—which is a slight diminution from the numbers of last year.—The principal topic of conversation in the scientific circles of Paris is the second balloon ascent of Messrs. Bixio and Barral. The incident in this voyage which appears most to have interested, is the extraordinary fall of the thermometer to 39 degrees below zero or freezing point, when the balloon was at a height of about 7000 yards; a fact extraordinary, because the celebrated Gay Lussac, when he was at the same height, found the temperature only 9.5 below zero—the sky being clear; still more astonishing from the circumstance that at only a few hundred yards lower down, the aeronauts found that their thermometer only marked about 9 degrees. How is this sudden change to be explained?

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

CANZONET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I pray thee do not frown, dear love,
For flowers that breathe out life by day
Breathe only death at night;
And thou, with smiles of light,
My health restorest, but tak'st away
The boon again, when thou, dear love,
Dost pull dark frowns across thy brow
As thou dost now!

When first I looked on thee, dear love,
The smiles, that overflowed thy lips
As wine the glass may do,
Or rosecup morning's dew,
Dispelled my spirit's long eclipse,
And with unwonted glee, dear love,
My heart, like glad bird in its nest,
Sang in my breast!

The colour of my life, dear love,
Hath long been of the tawny tint;
A sombre shadowy black,
Dark as the tempest's track:—
But like the magic ring, dear love,
Which dancing fays in grass do print
It shows, when thou in smiles art seen,
The brightest green!

Then never frown again, dear love,
For oh! my old and rugged heart
That image doth resemble,
Which nor will stir nor tremble,
Till, touched by Virgin's zone, dear love,
The idol from its stand doth part!—
Then move not my Cybele-mind
By looks unkind!

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

THE USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.—Another mode of safety exists in that which the generality of creatures is known to avoid,—the attention and gaze of the foe; and the means of escape are afforded by assuming such a terrific aspect as may confound the faculties of the pursuer, and strike him with an effectual though empty terror. The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendour is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description; and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an

* It was asserted that the great image of Cybele could only be moved by the zones of the virgin priestesses.

arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colour resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk, which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to insure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race. Among the birds of our own country, the bittern (*Ardea stellaris*), the pheasant, and common cock are, in a less degree, examples of the same strategy in defence; and, besides the terror they infuse, are instruments of protection in offering an uncertain mark to a combatant.—*Couche's Illustrations of Natural History.*

SUNDAY IS NOT THE JEWISH SABBATH.—If there be persons who believe the Sabbath was not abolished by Christ, they are bound to keep it as the Jews kept it. As Paley observes, "If the command by which the Sabbath was instituted, be binding upon Christians, it must bind as to the day, the duties, and the penalty, in none of which is it received." In this view we could neither light a fire nor cook meat, on the Sabbath, without rendering ourselves liable to the punishment of death. It would be endless to cite early writers on the subject. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, were of opinion that the Sabbath was a special ordinance confined to the Jews. Origen condemns the observation of all festivals. He says, "To the good man every day is a Lord's day." St. Chrysostom says, that after the congregation is dismissed on Sunday every man might apply himself to his lawful business. St. Athanasius and St. Augustine may also be quoted against the observance of Sunday as a particular day *par excellence*. Calvin, too, held strong opinions on the "gross and carnal superstition of Sabbatism;" and used to play at balls with the boys on Sunday afternoon, at Geneva, in order to exhibit an example of the use of Christian liberty. Jeremy Taylor says, the Lord's day did not succeed in the place of the Sabbath; but that the Sabbath was wholly abrogated, and that the Lord's day was merely of ecclesiastical institution. Cranmer, Tyndal, Luther, Knox, Milton, Robert Barclay; and, in modern times, Arnold, Whately, Baden Powell, and numerous other eminent divines, and learned men, all agree that there is no divine authority for observing Sunday.—*The Post-office and the Sabbath Question.*

THE PRESS ABOVE THE PULPIT.—For a century now, and with vast accelerated force of late, has the press been confronting the pulpit in every walk of life, both secular and religious, until it has become the stronger of the twain, and the press is now the church of the nineteenth century. All matters of dispute, public or private; all the crochets and conceits of unsettled stomachs; all the bursting cries and rapt ecstasies of the earnest and the spiritualized find utterance by a natural process through the press. More convictions are sent home to the minds of men through the press—more resolutions influencing the destinies of the individual are formed by its influence in one month than by the pulpit preachings of a year. What is the influence the most popular divine possesses to the influence of the *London Times*? What is the influence of Archbishop Whately preaching at St. Patrick's—of Dr. Vaughan preaching at Manchester—to Richard Whately issuing books from the London press, and Robert Vaughan editing the *British Quarterly Review*? To such a Popedom has literature elevated itself; but, as yet, its followers have not risen *à la hauteur*. They have battled with the pulpit for influence; they have gained and appropriated the influence it possessed; but they have very quietly said nothing about the responsibilities they themselves very zealously attached to that pulpit influence.—*Social Aspects, by J. S. Smith.*

RESPIRATION.—MM. Regnault and Reiset have published investigations on the respiration of animals; among some of their conclusions are to be found the

following:—Animals fed on their ordinary food constantly give out nitrogen, but seldom more than one per cent. of that which is consumed. The heat of the body depends on the burning of carbon and hydrogen; but it cannot be well calculated, as the compounds containing these elements are not entirely consumed, but pass into other compounds. The amount of vital air or oxygen consumed varies with the amount of exercise and with the state of digestion. Young animals took more than old ones, and lean animals took more than fat ones. Small sparrows and goldfinches took ten times more for the bulk than hens. The warmer-blooded animals give out infinitely small quantities of ammonia, and gases containing sulphur. Dormice actually increase for a while to a small extent in weight by absorption of air: they consume very little when dormant, but at the moment of waking they consume a great deal, and become warm. An animal during hibernation can live in an air which kills one in an active state. They consider that miasma, if it exists in the air, must be in very small quantities, and seem not to attach much importance to it as affecting the life of animals.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

DUNCAN-DYER.—On the 20th July, at the church of St. Alphege, Greenwich, by the Rev. — Hughes, Mr. Alexander Duncan, Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, Glasgow, to Harriette, youngest daughter of the late William Dyer, Esq., surgeon, Maize-hill, Greenwich, formerly of Luton, Bedfordshire.

DEATHS.

BRATLEY.—Suddenly, on the 26th July, in the 80th year of her age, Ann, wife of E. W. Bratley, F.S.A., Secretary of the Russell Institution.

DORMER.—A few days ago, at the foot of the Hill of Allen, county Kildare, the patriarch Dormer, at the advanced age of a hundred and twenty-five years: he lived in the same townland in which he was born in the year 1725, having thus seen the throne of England filled by six successive Sovereigns. He had been in a state of second infancy for near a quarter of a century.

FLEMING.—Lately, the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, R.C., Bishop of Newfoundland.

NEANDER.—A few days since, in Germany, the celebrated Protestant theologian, John Augustus William Neander, first professor of theology in the University at Berlin. He was born at Göttingen, of Hebrew parents, on the 16th of January, 1789, and was consequently upwards of sixty-one when he died. He studied at Halle and Göttingen; at the early age of twenty-three he was appointed professor at Heidelberg.

STEVENSON.—On the 13th July, aged 78, Mr. Robert Stevenson, the eminent civil engineer who designed and executed the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART, Published between July 14, and August 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

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Life of the late Sir R. Peel, Bart. "Popular Library." Feap. 8vo. 1s.

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(Signed)

JOHN PITT.

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